McKean County Miner.

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EXERCISES FOR MEMORIAL DAY

The McKean Post Have Arranged for Proper Services for the Day.

FITTING HONOR TO SOLDIER DEAD.

Weather Permitting the Day Will be an Auspicious One--Rev. Lusher of Mt. Jewett is Orator.

The following is a complete program of the Memorial Day exercises as arranged by McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R. It is but fitting that the citizens should willingly lend assistance in the memorial services in honor of the soldier dead.

PARADE.

The parade will form under the direction of the Marshall on Main street, right resting on Church, at 2 p. m.

ROUTE—Main street to Nelson, to Cemetery; return Cemetery to Nelson, to Bank, to Mechanic, to Main, to Court House.

EXERCISES.

CEMETERY — Exercises by the Post; Music, Smethport Glee Club; Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, G. B. Mayo; Strewing of Flowers.

COURT HOUSE—Prayer, Rev. W. A. Harris; Music, Glee Club; Post Services; Music, Glee Club; Introduction, President of the Day; Oration, Rev. John Lusher, Mt. Jewett; Music, Glee Club; Benediction, Rev. J. H. McCandless.

OFFICERS.

President of the Day . . . F. D. Gallup
Orator . . . Rev. John Lusher
Marshall . . . E. W. String
Chief of Staff . . . Leon K. Hogarth
Aides—Harry Rubin, B. T. Garlick, C. Choate, R. C. Susse.

COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE—H. M. Choate, E. R. Mayo, Simon Martin.

RECEPTION—J. Colegrove, Chas. Lemmler.

MUSIC—Dr. H. L. McCoy.

BAND—T. H. Purtle, H. W. Rubin.

FLOWERS—W. R. C., No. 23, E. F. Wright, J. C. Cunningham.

CEMETERIES—S. G. Bush, M. O'Reilly, N. F. Ferris, J. Colegrove, Asa Champlin, Simon Martin, M. L. Burlingame.

FINANCE—Guy H. McCoy, J. C. Gallup, B. T. Garlick.

CARRIAGES—D. C. Young, E. W. Jones, E. T. Daly, F. J. Vickery, A. T. Palmer.

"Little Tycoon" Notes.

The "Little Tycoon" was repeated Saturday night at the Lyceum before a crowded house and was highly appreciated, although the majority of the audience had witnessed the production Tuesday night. The leading characters again demonstrated that they are actors and actresses of ability and the large well-trained chorus repeated the hit scored Tuesday night. At the conclusion of the performance the members of the company were entertained by the Smethport Lyceum Co., and delicious refreshments were served on the stage.

One of the pleasing remembrances of this season to our local theatregoers will be the "Little Tycoon" given by our neighbors from the county seat town at the Auditorium Wednesday evening. Every member of the cast did his or her part in a very creditable manner and it would be impossible for us to take them up one by one. In presenting this opera it has been fully demonstrated that Smethport is chock full of musical talent. While we regret that our town people did not give them a larger attendance it will be somewhat consoling to know that those who were out fully appreciate the evening's entertainment. —Port Allegany Argus.

"Violet" will entertain the members of the company at a dancing party at the hose house this evening. In every day life "Violet" is Mrs. Katherine Hungiville and a delightful evening will no doubt be enjoyed by those in attendance.

The play given at the Auditorium Wednesday evening by a coterie of Smethport people, about sixty in number, was not well attended. No effort had been made in the way of advertising and there was but little paper up. Another thing conducive to a meagre crowd was the fact that there had been a show in town for several evenings previous. The show itself is worthy of patronage and our people missed a really merited effort by not being present. It was a convincing truth to those present that Smethport has musical and literary talent that is the equal if not the superior to most so-called professional.—Port Allegany Reporter.

According to the Eldred Eagle nine members of the "Little Tycoon" company took supper at the St. Elmo hotel in that town on Wednesday evening of last week.

Last Thursday the "Little Tycoon" company, accompanied by about forty admirers, went to St. Marys on a special train, where they presented this pleasing comic opera before a large and appreciative audience. Too much credit cannot be given the members of the "Princess Bonnie" company of St. Marys, for they not only used their best efforts in selling tickets but they did everything in their power to make the trip to their town a pleasant social event. After the performance was over they gave a dancing party in honor of their visitors, and in many ways showed that the St. Marys people felt most kindly toward their neighbors from Smethport. And that this kindly feeling is returned by the "Little Tycoon" company and the Smethport people in general is beyond question.

Owing to the fact that Miss Lucy Mitchell was unable to take the part of "Miss Hurricane" at Port Allegany and St. Marys, Miss Irma Wells took this part and considering the brief time she had to prepare it, she did wonderfully well. Miss Wells is only 15 years of age and too much praise cannot be given her for the way she handled this difficult part.

The passengers on the special train from St. Marys were treated (?) to a fast ride on the return trip. Although the distance is only about 40 miles some of those miles stand almost on end, owing to the nature of the country. The trip was made in one hour and ten minutes and several of the passengers are positive that the train cut across lots on the loop above Kasson. It was a memorable ride with a thrill in every minute of it.

High School Team Defeated.

The Smethport High School ball team met with a decided defeat at the hands of the Kane Athletic Club team at Kane field last Saturday afternoon. The final score was 10 to 7.

The visitors were much older and larger players than the home boys and it did not take the average base ball fan long to see that the High School did not have a ghost of a show of winning. The visitors took a safe lead right at the start and then seemed to let up, just to keep up the interest.

Becker occupied the rubber for the visitors and pitched a nice game, holding the home team down to four scattered hits and striking out eleven men, and had his support been good he would have shut them out.

Sherburne pitched the first six innings for the High School and was rather wild. Twelve hits and fourteen runs were made off his delivery. Glavin pitched the last three innings and held them down to one hit and two runs, but the game at that time was hopelessly lost.

In the High School we have a clever bunch of young ball players but they were entirely out-classed last Saturday.

Death Rather Than Graduate.

The only boy in a class of seven, James Andrews of Oxford, Pa., aged sixteen years, committed suicide rather than graduate. His body was found in a creek, where he had drowned himself in about four feet of water. His coat pockets were filled with flattened irons and stones, which held him down.

Young Andrews was a senior in the Oxford High School, but was so diffident that he did not want to take part in the graduation exercises, especially as he was the only boy. His relatives and teachers insisted upon it, and the fear of having to appear with so many girls weighed upon his mind so that he threw himself into the creek.

When the body was recovered a note addressed to his mother was found asking her to take care of his younger brother. Young Andrews had confided to several of his companions that he never would graduate.—Wellsboro Gazette.

"The Skipper."

On Sunday, June 3d, The Philadelphia Sunday Press will give free to each of its subscribers the greatest and best supplement picture ever put out by any newspaper. It is printed in beautiful colors and is 14x21 inches. The picture is entitled "The Skipper." A stunning summer girl and the "skipper" make two genuinely great subjects for a picture worth framing. Everybody will want to get one of these pictures. They are worth a dollar apiece and can be secured exclusively with the Philadelphia Sunday Press June 3d. Be wise and tell your newsdealer to reserve you a copy.

A Card.

To every member of the Tycoon company and to the members of Chadwick's orchestra I wish to express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the support they gave me during the rehearsals and entertainments. Ten weeks of hard work meant a great deal of self-denial on the part of every member, but the hearty applause of our good townspeople fully repaid us for all efforts. We will publish in full next week the financial standing. MRS. H. C. WELLS.

Wanted.

A cook at the County Home first of month. Inquire of Superintendent at County Home.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

(Concluded from last issue.)

The losses entailed aggregate nearly $50,000 and the insurance amounts to $28,000. The Bennett House was purchased by Gen. Hamar for $20,000, since which time he claims to have expended some $5,000 upon it, thus making it cost him $25,000. Since the previous fire he had reduced the insurance on it to $10,000, and he puts his loss at $15,000. Mr. George Van Gorder, whose family occupied apartments in the house, lost a quantity of clothes and furniture which were uninsured, and one of the carpenters at work in the building, by name of Frank Andrews, lost a full set of carpenter's tools. Mr. Haskill's building, which was totally destroyed, was valued at $4,000, and insured for $2,500. On his stock, which was valued at $15,000, he had an insurance of $7,000, and having saved a large portion of his goods his loss in this direction will be fully covered by insurance. In this building were situated the banking office of Mr. Hamlin and the law office of Sterrett & Rose. In the former Mr. Hamlin's loss of furniture, fixtures, etc., approximates $1,000, upon which there was no insurance. The cashier, Mr. S. C. Townsend, also lost his wardrobe and other effects which were uninsured. Messrs. Sterrett and Rose's loss was about $800, which is covered by insurance. Fortunately all the safes in this building protected their contents through the fire, so that the valuable papers deposited in them have not to be added to the loss.

After the fire the citizens united in expressing their opinion as to the noble work done by the hose company, and as a practical acknowledgement of their services, Mr. B. D. Hamlin handed the following to the foreman:

Mr. W. P. Walsh:

My Dear Sir—The work of the Smethport Hose Company this morning was well done. I was interested. It gives me great pleasure to hand you the enclosed check for $50 in remembrance.

Truly, B. D. HAMLIN.

Mr. Hamlin also donated $5 towards replacing Mr. Andrew's tools and other subscriptions have been added.

We notice by the Kansas City Times that Messrs. T. F. Richmond and Arthur Cornforth were admitted to the bar in that city on the 9th day of May, 1882, and sworn in as Attorneys-at-law. Both gentlemen were former residents of this place.

Henry Biever is the father of a 9½ pound girl. It arrived Saturday night, May 20, 1882. Henry has reasons for being happy.

Saturday morning, May 20, 1882, at six o'clock, Silas M. Lyman breathed his last, aged 50 years and 11 months. He had been confined to his house only about one week, and for a time it was thought he would recover, but he commenced getting worse and all hopes of his life being spared were given up by his family and friends, and he finally breathed his last as above stated. Pneumonia was the cause of his death. The deceased was well known in this and Potter counties, and possessed many warm qualifications which endeared him to a large circle of friends and relatives. Since he took up his residence in Smethport he has carried on the business of boot and shoe making. He leaves a wife and three children. Mr. Lyman was a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and his family will receive two thousand dollars from the order. The funeral services took place at the M. E. church on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and was largely attended, the A. O. U. W. society being present in a body. The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

Thursday morning June, 8, 1882, at 3:30, Samuel B. Sartwell breathed his last, aged 49 years and 1 month. One week ago last Sunday he was taken sick at the residence of his brother, Roswell Sartwell, and everything that could be thought of to alleviate his sufferings and restore him to his former health was most cheerfully tried, but Bright's Disease of the kidneys had seated itself too deeply for any human help to relieve him, and he passed quietly and peacefully away at the hour above named, fully prepared for the hereafter. The deceased was born in Smethport April 8, 1833, and had many friends and acquaintances in this and adjoining counties. It may truthfully be said he had no enemies. He possessed a pleasant and generous disposition, always striving to make those around him happy. He was the father of three daughters who will long mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate father, his wife having been dead a number of years.

Wednesday evening, July 12, 1882, James McCabe had one of his feet badly smashed between the bumpers of two freight cars on the McK. & B. R. R., at East Smethport while attempting to pass between the cars, the train started up before he could get off.

Subscribe for the MINER.

C. V. MERRICK,

Candidate for Representative in the General Assembly subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries.

Merrick's Attitude on Public Questions.

To the Voters:

There appears to be a desire on the part of the people to inquire into the standing on political and economic questions of those presenting themselves for consideration as candidates for public service. This is commendable and as it should be; in fact, it is the best sign possible that we are about to realize what we have hoped for in our political career, for many years. In a general way our President has blazed the way for those who have the interest of the people at heart, whether in local or national politics. Honesty of purpose, justice to all and a square deal are among his cardinal principles. His strenuous fight to place on our national statute books a law for governmental control of freight rates, eliminating the rebate and unjust discriminating system in vogue among the railroads, is of the greatest importance in its far-reaching effects and cannot be overestimated, and I am heartily in accord with the President's policy in this respect.

TWO CENT FARE.

One of the issues that is uppermost in the minds of the people of this State at this time is the two-cent fare on steam railroad lines. This meets with my hearty and unreserved approval and will receive my entire support whether I am at home or in the legislative halls. The burden that the railroads have placed upon the people in formulating and carrying out the system of fares through the medium of a thousand-mile book in order to make it difficult for passengers to avail themselves of the cheaper rate, is unjust and reprehensible. It not only makes it practically impossible for those who most need the moderate rate to obtain it, but it creates a constant friction between the railroad companies and the public.

FREIGHT BY TROLLEY.

The question of carrying freight on trolley lines also meets with my approval and it would be my purpose to conservedly serve the interests of the people on this question.

There are several questions of a more personal character that I am constrained to touch upon in order to set myself right before the public. Certain statements have been made to the effect that I am unfriendly to labor and labor organizations. Nothing could be more untrue, more unjust or more untruthful. My long experience in working with labor organizations not only fitted me to co-operate and work in harmony with such organizations, but has created within me a feeling of respect for all those who are joined together for mutual benefit and protection, when such a union is properly managed and conducted. I early realized that to give a helping hand to labor organizations by assisting them to raise their standard to higher planes, and to strengthen the mutual interest existing between such organizations and their employers, was the proper course to pursue and the results obtained along these lines were most satisfactory.

The impression which some have sought to create, that having served a railroad a long term of years would naturally tie me up to the railroads and their interests if placed in a position in which it was necessary to have a free hand in order to serve the public in legislative bodies, is entirely erroneous. It is true I served a railroad many years, and that service was given to the best of my ability. And now that I am in private life, should the people choose me to serve them, such service would be rendered with the same energy, the same devotion and honesty of purpose as was given the railroad. I stand firmly for compelling transportation companies and all other corporations to obey the law in letter and spirit.

MISREPRESENTATION.

Misrepresentations have also been made as to my attitude on several other questions. Foremost among them is a statement to the effect that I am tied up with the Standard Oil Co. This I emphatically deny. No one has a string on me. I am not in any way interested in or under obligations to the Standard Oil Company. I am in a position to act freely and unrestrainedly upon my own convictions, without fear or favor, in all things. It shall be my purpose, if chosen by the people to represent them in a legislative capacity, to act with unreserved fidelity in all questions pertaining to their interests. I believe that one who accepts office or becomes a public servant, bears the same relation to the public as does one who engages himself for a consideration to serve any individual; that the relation of servant and master exists between such representative and the people.

JUSTICE TO ALL.

I am engaged in private business. My financial interests are bound up in the welfare of McKean county. This is my home. Whatever promotes the interests of the county is to my interest. I am neither directly nor indirectly beholden to any trust or transportation company. My interests are the people's interests.

With these principles uppermost in my mind, buttressed by a conviction that justice to all is the mainspring that should actuate and direct one's efforts in a representative capacity, I leave my case with the people.

C. V. MERRICK.

Republican Primaries.

The primary elections of the Republican party of McKean County, Pa., are hereby called to be held in the several election districts of the county at the regular polling places in accordance with the rules of the Republican Party, on Saturday, May 26th, 1906, between the hours of 4 and 8 p. m., for the purpose of recommending and placing in nomination candidates for the following offices, to wit:

Two persons for Member of Assembly.
One person for Jury Commissioner.
Three persons for delegates to the State Convention.
Three persons for Conferees to represent McKean County in the 21st Congressional District Conference.

And for the election in each election district of the County, one person to serve as a member of the County Committee for the ensuing year.

The County Convention will be held in the Court House at Smethport, on Tuesday, May 29th, at 1:30 p. m., for the purpose of canvassing the vote of said Primaries and declaring the results. The election of a Chairman of the County Committee for the ensuing year; and to transact such other business as may come before the Convention.

GEORGE PATON,
Chairman Republican County Convention.

J. M. MCELROY,
Secretary.
Bradford, Pa., April 23, 1906.

Excursion to Riverhurst and Olean.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. will run a low-rate excursion from St. Marys and intermediate points to Riverhurst and Olean Sunday, May 27th. Fare for the round trip from Smethport $1.00, train leaving 8:46 a. m. Proportionate rates from other stations. Returning train leaves Olean 7:30 p. m. For further particulars apply to ticket agents or address Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa., or Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order now. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer. MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Our Candidates at the Primaries.

On Saturday the Republican primaries in this county will be held and candidates nominated for the offices to be filled this fall, as well as delegates to the State convention and conferees for the Congressional conference. George Griffiths, having withdrawn from the delegate contest, there is no contest for the honor of representing this county at the State convention, and who shall be the conferees is undisputed. But for Representative and Jury Commissioner there is unusual strife. For Members of Assembly, there are five candidates and two to be nominated, and for Jury Commissioner there are no less than six candidates with only one to be nominated.

The candidates for the Assembly are James A. McKean of Smethport, N. M. Orr of Kane, R. P. Hubgood and C. V. Merrick of Bradford and A. J. Nordstrom of Port Allegany—all good, reputable citizens and men who if nominated and elected would ably represent this county in the Legislative halls at Harrisburg.

Mr. McKean is a man most thoroughly known throughout the county as an honorable, upright and keen-sighted business man, who has been successful in his own business and a man who is ever willing to help his neighbor whenever an opportunity is presented. He is a lifelong resident of the county who is always in the advance guard for anything that will better his home town or the county and thus be a benefit to the people at large. He knows well what legislation we need and if chosen will use every honorable effort to procure it.

N. M. Orr is a prominent member of the bar of this county and is one of the editors of the Kane Republican. He is well known in a greater portion of the county and all who are acquainted with him know him to be an able and honorable man. He believes that men should be selected for office for the principals they stand for instead of their personal popularity—a very creditable belief—and for that reason he has not made as close a canvass of the county as is customary, but instead has stated his ideas of proper legislation through the columns of the newspapers. If selected to represent this county Mr. Orr will perform his duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents.

R. P. Hubgood is the editor of the Bradford Evening Star and one of the prominent men of that city who is ever looking out for the best interests of the people. For years he has been prominently identified with the Bradford board of trade and has done much to induce industries to locate there. He is possessed with a clear, active and energetic mind and is of the aggressive type of man that accomplishes much at whatever he undertakes. He is an earnest champion of union labor and has many friends among the workingmen. He is made of the right kind of stuff and if elected will ably represent this county in the Legislature.

C. V. Merrick is a prominent business man of Bradford who has made a host of friends wherever he is known. He has for many years been connected with the Erie railroad and his genial disposition and manly ways has won him many sincere friends. He is an independent Republican and is thoroughly in accord with any reform which will be for the betterment of the people and the party. He is an able, conservative man who if elected will make an excellent Representative.

A. J. Nordstrom is one of the prominent Swedish-Americans of this county and asks recognition of his people at the hands of the Republican party. He is a young man who by hard work and study has made a success of business and by his honest dealings has made many friends who wish him success in the political field. Mr. Nordstrom if elected, will make a good Representative.

There are three candidates for Jury Commissioner who have announced in these columns and all are able men to fill this office. P. D. Ostrander has been a lifelong resident of Keating township and is a loyal Republican who has always used his best efforts for the best interests of the party, a good citizen and a capable man. Leon Curtis is the present Jury Commissioner and his record as an honest and capable official is above criticism. A. D. Simmons of Eldred township is a veteran of the Civil War and a lifelong Republican and perfectly capable of performing the duties in a satisfactory manner. Our readers will make no mistake in voting for any of these gentlemen.

Death of Mrs. Sturtevant.

Mrs. M. S. Sturtevant died at her home in Colegrove on Wednesday, May 16, 1906. Death was caused from a complication of diseases from which she had suffered since last November. The deceased was born in Catskill Mountains, New York, in 1829.

Have your lawn mower sharpened on our machine. Make it better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Whitcola, the great shoe, glove and clothing cleaner at Fry & Comes and J. Colegrove's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

When Corenca Willed

By XENO W. PUTNAM

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It hardly seemed a chance at all, but we were forced to call one so long as there was a better. Of course there was Tarpon's work. Tarpon, whose murdered and who had done this other errand just to bring an avenging posse on Jack in a humor that would quibble few and

Bill Morgan seemed a strange inheritance of the outlaw's spirit. Perhaps his own hunted life left him little pity in his youth way a victim run to earth without warning, or possibly he had personal memories to be avenged. Anyway he told us just before daybreak of the cowardly crime that had been fastened so unmistakably upon Jack and of the various pursuits close upon our trail.

Before us were the mountains, grim and full of dangers for the stranger fugitive, but to this score of relentless followers horse. Some forty miles behind lay Halseyville—and safety, for half her leading citizens—the mayor himself, to say nothing of his fair daughter—would have sworn to Jack's presence at a banquet given in our honor at the very time the murder was committed miles away. But between our camp and vindication rode a relentless, unimaginative foe with a single purpose—and a halter. The outlook was gloomy enough for poor Jack.

It seemed that I was not connected with the crime. That, too, was Tarpon's skillful planning or perhaps my government position saved me. Vengeance was to be taken upon Jack alone, my great, rough, lovely friend with the heart of a lion or a woman, as the occasion called for courage or for kindness.

What only a single course is possible one could think quickly what to do. I gathered in Corenca, loath to lie subdued from the luxurious pasture of the foothills, and throwing the saddle over her back, jerked up the girth so it did to that she ducked and stamped at me. Then Jack, the other saddle on Jack's horse, headed her off across the road, toward her home on.

As she turned and looked back at Corenca, poised impatiently and ready to resume a headlong pace of the wild encounter with the disappearance of her mare in the dim light, leaving a plain but heather trail behind for our pursuers to presently follow a few hours to their quest for Jack. Then, after a silent handshake that said more than words, my friend went dodging in among the heavy shadows of the mountain canyons, leaving me alone with my wonderful Corenca, whose speed was matchless and whose temper was the devil's own. If he could only evade capture while I rode to Halseyville for help! Twice forty odd miles would have to be covered, and the hope was slight, but Corenca was a wonderful foundation upon which to build it. If the for should lose even a little time on the false trail of the other horse

and Jack got a few extra lengths in a few, where each minute gained was gilded with gold.

My chosen breed mare, shaking and tossing at the bit as we stood for our last words, set me to wondering how yesterday I should have by holding her in or letting her have her head. I tried to compromise, but she willed it otherwise, and the gravel slipped away under her feet like a smooth running belt from the flywheel of some ponderous machine. It seemed as if she knew the need for haste and seemed a suggestion of her own limitations. The only notice my restraining hand received was an impatient toss of her shapely head and a savage jerk at the reins.

In less than an hour only an hour behind poor Jack, I thought, with a sinking heart—I saw our grim pursuers in the road before me, but all that I feared from them was delay. They knew I was not the man they wanted and were themselves there to uphold their idea of the law and human justice in their fierce, crude way. They might attempt to take me back with them—the one thing that I really dreaded—but of personal violence I had no fear. My government position would again protect me, and what ever time they hindered me Jack would also gain from them.

As we approached I got the halting signal, but the little mare rushed ahead, alike unmindful of their shouting and my hand. Two men dismounted hurriedly and made a rush for my bridle as we passed. In a flash Corenca's fighting blood was up, and, with gnashing teeth and eyes like a dragon's, she was upon and over them and dashed ahead. A dozen mounted men spurred after us with the act They might as well have chased the wind, for the very dust from the little mare's feet fell short of their leader They dare not shoot lest Uncle Sam should hear the echo presently and only wasted a little time for Jack to profit by.

Once clear of pursuit Corenca fell off a little in her speed, but not in her independence, as I quickly learned in my first attempt to juggle with the reins. After all, why should I not let her have her way now that no special cause for speed bursts lay ahead? She was a willful child of the plains. Let her sweep them to suit her fancy. She would lose no time and perhaps better than I could judge of her own endurance. So we left the dubious miles behind us in pursuit of the miles ahead that she rapidly found and conquered one by one. Sometimes the pace was a moderate canter, sometimes swift as the wind, but I watched the flanks beneath me in vain for a labored breath. She seemed to temper her speed to the limit of what she could endure without drawing upon that wonderful reserve force that made her at once the pride and the terror of the plains.

So thirty odd miles lay behind us presently, and the game little beast had drawn up only once for a drink as she forded a stream. Still, more than one sign now told me that she had made her run at an awful expense to herself. Once she began to show fatigue, it seemed as if her dissolution was to be as rapid as her flight had been. The willful flirt of her head she had left miles behind, and she stumbled a little sometimes as she still galloped faithfully on. Each breath was a heave and a gasp now, and the white foam that fell from her mouth was occasionally colored with red. Should I dismount and feed her or try to crowd her through? Back among the mountain canyons I could see a kindly, rugged face, now stern and resolute, at bay. Before me, only a few miles ahead, lay Halseyville and rescue. Already I could almost see the stately mayor and a few chosen friends rushing away on their errand of mercy and justice. Not could I quite forget the sweet, tired girl in whose eye a tear had risen so close behind the laugh she had given a Jack at parting. And it all terminated forward. Still, it would be a foolish thing to turn all so near my journey's end by letting my now suffering horse go off from her feet for want of a few minutes' rest.

Corenca stood quiet enough now, with head down and heaving sides, but with the fire still unquenched in her flashing eyes. Reluctantly I dismounted and loosened the saddle girth a little. Then a sight met my eyes that stayed my hand as the fastenings while I halted again, to bring me a moment later back into my seat, for the first time during the day I urged Corenca beyond the limit of her chosen speed, and right nobly did she struggle to respond. But the heaving sides told their own story of a conquered body still reeling forward under the impetus of an unyielding will. Poor, faithful servant! It was, then, to be a race to the death—of my horse or my friend—and in that choice of course the dumb brute had to lose.

Now that the decision had been forced upon me I spared the use of neither whip nor spur upon Corenca—Corenca, to whom no one had ever before dared to teach the use of either. No more thought of trying to save her—just to get the last ounce out of her before she fell. Far ahead, just leaving Halseyville, I could see a queer little red spot rushing toward us, which I realized to be the mayor's automobile, bearing him rapidly away to a neighboring town. For a few miles his route lay straight toward me, but presently the road forked, and the red spot would bear out of reach the one man whose presence would awe Jack's pursuers into submission at a word. If I could reach those forks in time it would save me a dozen little ride to the town. If I failed I feared me much that all my efforts were doomed to failure—that the game was up. Well, it would never be Corenca's fault. As I noted her trembling and unsteady gait I could not but hope that when she did go down she would be out of her misery soon. Again and again I urged her on, heartsick as I felt the futile struggle she was making under me. It was a losing race. Still, she lost it by so narrow a margin that she won for me.

Already the electric steed was about to swing around the curve and leave me such a few rods behind when Corenca, as though still obedient to her unconquered will, plunged wildly into the air and sank dying to the earth. Her race was over, but she had been fair to the very end.

A pair of sharp eyes, not the mayor's, saw the accident and gave in quick report. So it happened that instead of leaving me helpless they presently drew up by my side and looked down on me crouching by the dumb brute's head.

It wasn't the mayor who first comprehended the story I tried to tell them or Jack, and it wasn't his voice that ordered me into the vacant seat nor his hands that suddenly took control of the machine and gave it motion. I cast one bitter look back at my dying horse stretched there along upon her side, but I hadn't the time to end her misery with a pistol shot, as I was minded to do. Now at last was Halseyville behind me and ahead the mountains and Jack. I stole a glance at the slight girlish figure whose guiding hands now seemed like steel, but over whose face had come something that was neither a smile nor a tear.

How the wind came up and rushed in our faces as the auto gathered speed! It wasn't a flight, but a melting away of objects. Things were and then were not. The belt over which we had galloped, Corenca and I, now changed to a smooth zone of marble flanked on each side by a ribbon of greenish gray. We didn't seem to advance; just swayed and tilted, while the green gray ribbons on either side of us rolled into a tangle of mist just ahead, into which we were constantly trying to plunge. One could not determine where the real joined forces with the imagination. Somewhere between the two the real became invisible and the invisible seemed almost real. There wasn't a thought of fear, but a half formed wish that something would happen to add variety to this throbbing, undulating sensation, without particular motion and with nothing to see. Where we were or what we were doing not one of our senses could tell. We were only ethereal spots in the

"JACK!" CAME A FEMININE SCREAM.

midst of an infinite nowhere, at one end of which lay my dying horse and at the other the friend I was trying to save.

I knew in a half dazed way we were rushing ahead at a speed that was terrific, but felt impatient that it was not greater still. The breath of the whirlwind might have been tame to my quivering, overwrought nerves. Shut out of the material world by this cloud wall, I longed for a thrill of expectant danger to break up the depressing sense of isolation. It wasn't the call for haste so much as the call of impatience—a mind taken entirely out of its realm of accustomed comparisons and clamoring for sensation rather than accomplishment.

Such were some of my chaotic impressions when I suddenly became conscious of objects about me and realized that we were slowing down. The green gray ribbons took on a spotted aspect, which gradually expanded into some of nature's own pattern, and I was conscious of a sudden relief to get back into the world again. The gray marble pavement shook out into the swift flying belt of the morning, then gradually came to a stop in the midst of mountains, trees and human forms and a few other things.

"Jack!" came a feminine scream from the front seat of our vehicle. Then I noticed for the first time my friend in the midst of the group of men, still on his feet, but with a tell-tale rope dangling from a limb directly over his head.

We carried him back with us presently seated considerately on the back seat beside the feminine voice, while the mayor and I, as befitted our official rank, rode in front. Thus we proceeded back toward Halseyville, attended on either side for some distance yet by the green gray ribbons of a short half hour before nor even by the shapes of my morning fancy, but by a good, stout guard of armed and penitent men, now anxious to do homage to the man they meant to have slain in the name of the law. In a little real haste and a good bit of spite we hit up their gait quite briskly ere they finally parted company with us after many a goodly wish and shake of Jack's hand, then away like the wind for Halseyville.

Faster and faster over the road that Corenca had galloped so well till the ribbons swung up to their old place again and cut off our view of the plains, on past where the avengers that morning had thought they would stop me and while getting their lesson in thoroughbred temper lost just the small margin of time that saved Jack until our return, on splash through the ford where my horse slaked her thirst just before rushing on to her death, on past where I held up to rest and to feed her—a brief rest it proved and the last she was ever to have—on past where she fell and doubtless now made up her part in the greenish gray ribbon which unrolled beside us. Then we rolled into Halseyville and found some unusual excitement ahead. Where a group of rough men were attempting to corral a game little mare whose speed, they declared, was as swift as the wind and who still held the devil's own temper.

Bismarck's Stratagem.

While Bismarck was living at Frankfort, early in his career, he was one day at a public table with a friend, when two young ladies who sat opposite began talking to each other in the Lettish language. From their manner it was evident to Bismarck that they were talking about him. It happened that he had once made a visit to Courland, one of the Baltic provinces, and had picked up a few Lettish phrases. When the ladies had talked and laughed on for some time he whispered to his companion:

"The moment I say something to you in an unintelligible tongue take a key from your pocket and hand it to me."

The young ladies kept on, and suddenly Bismarck said in an unconcerned tone to his friend:

"Dohd man to aglek."

The second man at once produced a key. The young ladies from Courland looked at their opposite neighbors, then at each other and, blushing violently, rose and left the room.

Prejudiced.

"Are you in favor of government ownership?" asked Meandering Mike.

"No," answered Plodding Pete. "De only government institutions dat I've had any experience wit is jails. An' de way dey're run don't make no hit wit me."—Washington Star.

Discontent is the want of self reliance. It is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

SALT METHODS.

In the Marshes of the Kongo and at Utah's Great Lake.

One of the sights of the Great Salt lake of Utah, developed by the progress of scientific industry, is the system of immense salt making ponds on the shore of the lake. At Saltair the lake water is pumped into a great settling basin, where the impurities fall to the bottom and, containing much iron, form a reddish deposit. From this basin the water is drawn off into "harvesting ponds" averaging 10,000 square yards in area and six inches in depth. The ponds are kept supplied with water, as the evaporation goes on from May to September, when the salt harvest begins. The water having disappeared, a dazzling layer of salt two or three inches thick is found covering the bottom of the ponds, which is broken up with plows before being conveyed to the mills, where the final crushing and winnowing are done.

In general the salt marshes of the Kongo region represent a kind of pocket or rift in the soil. They are to be found in considerable numbers in the district of Sanflank, and there are also many of these marshes on the left bank of the river Lufuba. The walls of the rift show first a layer of blackish clay mixed with sand and containing numerous quartz and silex pebbles or more exceptionally black and white shells, fragments of oyster and mussel. Then comes a layer of stratified and gray blue schist. The soil of the depression also contains schist as the greater constituent and is covered by a layer of sandy clay. In order to collect the salt the natives dig a funnel shaped hole from six to ten feet deep. The cavity soon fills up with a warm and clear water, which is strongly charged with salt. It comes up with considerable pressure, and the liquid seems to boil. The salt is partly precipitated at the bottom of the cavity and mixes with the soil to form a blackish mud. The latter is washed out with hot water to extract the salt, which is then crystallized from the solution. The product which is thus obtained is of a salty gray color, and its taste is more alkaline than that of European salt.

COIN CURIOSITIES.

A Great Variety of Materials Has Been Used For Money.

Among the early Roman copper coins was one that weighed nine and one-half ounces and must have proved its convenient small change for the Roman matron when she went shopping. China of all countries, ancient and modern, exhibits the greatest variety in the matter of coins. The earliest money on record, about 2000 B. C., consisted of shells and cowries. The cowry was used for small change, while tortoise shell and purple cyprean shells, the latter ranging in size from a few inches to a foot and a half in length, represented money of a higher value. A decrease in the supply of shells and increasing prosperity called for a more handy medium of exchange, and coin, the coin with a square hole in the center, came into existence and remains in use to this day.

Among the earlier Chinese coins was one of porcelain about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, bearing the legend "Eternal Prosperity." A very curious knife money was at one time used in the state of Tsi. It was of copper shaped like a bill hook, about seven inches long and fitted at the end with a ring. During periods of metal scarcity in China iron, lead, tin, baked earth, grain, silk and shells have been used as a circulating medium.

In Japan, an iron coinage, begun about 1636, has existed up to the present day. A curious coin made of a mixture of silver and copper was long in use in Japan. It varied in size from a small pea to a large bean. Lead coins were also used there for five centuries. Glass was employed as a substance for coin for many centuries in Egypt, while wooden money is mentioned in many of the Buddhistic writings.

SLOT MACHINES.

They Were Used During the Time and Reign of Rameses.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes: "It is true there are few things new under the sun. Air locks or what we call pneumatic locks, were used by the Romans before the Christian era. The most remarkable application of an old invention is the nickel-in-the-slot machine. This was first used during the time and reign of Rameses, in the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt, for the purpose of supplying holy water, that which had been blessed by the priests, to the people who desired it. The machine was arranged, with a small cylinder inside, through which ran a rod connecting a valve at the bottom of the cylinder with one at the top. These were operated by a lever, which closed the bottom valve while opening that at the top, when the cylinder would fill with a fixed amount of water. To obtain the water a cup was placed at the outlet; a coin of three drachmae, equal to about 75 cents of our money, was dropped into the slot on to a scale pan in the end of the lever. This opened the cylinder at the top and closed the lower valve, allowing the coin to slide off, the weight of water closing the top valve, opening the lower one and allowing the water to run into the cup. This is the basis of all patented slot machines of the present time and dates back to nearly 3,000 B. C."

Not For Strangers.

"What in the world does that mean?" asked the traveler through a sparsely settled region on the cape. "There's no such place on my road map."

The man whom he addressed first took a leisurely survey of the traveler and his horse and then turned his eyes toward the weather beaten sign which bore the single word "Tolpim."

"That ain't a name," he said, with dignity; "it's jest an indication. It means, 'To Long Pond one mile.'

"It's plain enough to folks from near by that's hunting for the pond, and we don't reckon on strangers taking much interest."—Youth's Companion.

FIGS OF SMYRNA.

The Way They Are Grown, Gathered, Sorted and Packed.

In Smyrna the fig district is largely along the line of the Smyrna-Aidin railroad. The best grades of fruit (termed erbelli) come from Inovassi. Figs from Nasli and from Sultan Hissar are also highly valued, although the skins are somewhat thicker. Trees begin to bear in their sixth year and are in full vigor in the fifteenth year. Fig trees on the low plains yield fruit which is both larger and richer in saccharine matter. They often suffer, however, from an excess of moisture in unusually wet seasons, while groves on higher ground are less harmed owing to the facilities for drainage.

The fruit ripens about the middle of August, when it is picked and dried in the open air for from three to six days. It is then packed in sacks of about 250 pounds each, two of which constitute a load, for a camel, and transported to the nearest railroad station. After arrival at Smyrna camels likewise transport the sacks to the warehouses of the dealers. Carts are not employed in this connection, as the fruit is liable to be damaged when the sacks are piled one on the other. The arrivals from the country are promptly bought up by the various packing houses, who have each a large corps of employees, chiefly women and girls, for the operations of sorting, washing, drying and packing the fruit.

This means work for many thousands in Smyrna during the months of September and October, and the average degree of prosperity among the lower classes during the entire year is largely dependent upon the amount of money set in motion during this short period.

The sorting of the figs is carried out with great care. Color, but more specially size and thickness, or, rather, oiliness, of skin, guide the classification. The inferior grades, the so called "hordas," culls or refuse, are eliminated and sold for purposes of distillation. A certain quantity of this grade is exported to Austria and Hungary and used as a substitute for chicory. The delicate flavor of Vienna coffee is due to the presence of dried fig powder. The better grades are prepared for export in various ways. The least expensive is packing in linen or other bags and is used usually for the less valuable qualities.

The finer grades are subjected to a certain manipulation, before being finally packed in boxes containing from one to eleven pounds. During the manipulation the workmen continually dip their fingers in sea water. As a result the fruit is better preserved and the sweetness is not diminished by long keeping.—New York Herald.

Not Eligible.

America has the credit of being the land of boundless opportunity, but one of the early Chicago lawyers discovered, even in this country of glorious freedom, a barrier to his career. The story is couched for us in an old pamphlet on the Illinois bar.

Edward D. Baker was a young man of some parts and of intense ambition. Walking one day in the woods, a brother lawyer discovered Baker sitting on a fallen tree weeping bitterly. On being pressed to tell the cause of his grief he replied:

"I have been reading the constitution of the United States and find a provision in it that none but native born citizens can become president. I am of English birth, and so I am not eligible!"

Notwithstanding this disability Baker had a brilliant military and political career and served his adopted country well. He was a member of the Illinois legislature and was elected to congress from that state both before and after the Mexican war, in which he served. Later he removed to Oregon and was sent to the United States senate from that new state.

He left the senate to enter the army at the time of the civil war. He fell at Ball's Bluff, pierced by nine bullets, because, as he said before he died, "A United States senator must not retreat."

Grammar and the Grammar School.

The subject in which the grammar school (so called) contravenes most sharply the law of the order of learning is perhaps grammar, for grammar, being the analytic and theoretical study of language, does not belong in the grammar school at all. The scientific classification of phenomena cannot commence until the phenomena have been assembled and made familiar. To this law of learning language is no exception. The language study proper to the grammar school is observation and acquaintance—that is, more particularly, practice in reading, speaking and composing. Nor for this is the study of grammar necessary. What is necessary is a very large amount of practice, much reading, much speaking, much composing. The only use of grammar here is a negative one—namely, to correct mistakes—and for this negative purpose the only person in the grammar school who need know grammar is the teacher. The positive, scientific study of grammar must be reserved for the high school.—W. G. Parsons in Atlantic.

A Dish For Kings.

Take a large portion of the flesh of a rhinoceros, carefully cut it up into small pieces and place in a large jar. Then cut a good haunch of venison into chunks, a dozen pounds or so of wild cattle meat, also cut into tiny pieces, and add some large slices of crocodile. Put all in the jar with the rhino beef and mix very carefully. Keep until the odor is such that you cannot remain in the place where it is, then add a quantity of honey, stir well and serve. It is of course a very expensive dish, but, then, the flavor!—Singapore Budget.

Nature.

"You should be very proud of having won the love of such a man."

"Then you advise me to marry him?"

"By all means. He is one of nature's noblemen."

"No doubt. But consider—this nature fad will inevitably pass."—Puck.

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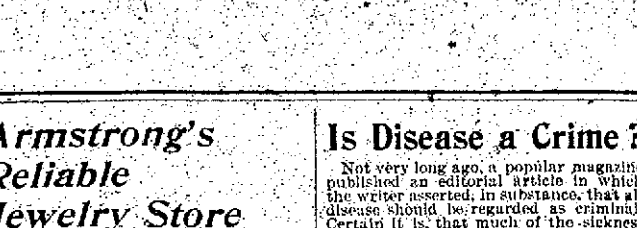

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 24, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Westbrook Commercial Academy of Olean has an ad in this issue.

—Bell Bros. of Olean have some interesting bargains to offer in their ad this week.

—Remember the lecture, "Yellowstone Park," by Prof. W. L. McGowan at the Baptist church, Saturday night, June 2.

—The Little Valley Hub propounds the following: A man having 30 sheep wishes them killed in five days, an uneven number killed each day; no halves.

—An Emporium dispatch of Saturday says: At the plant of the Climax Powder Company, here, W. Barfield was blown to atoms by an explosion of nitroglycerine. Frank Taylor, 200 yards away, had a leg crushed.

—From the Port Allegany Reporter it is learned that the marriage of Miss Bertha H. Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allen, to Mr. Edward J. Ainsbrow was solemnized Tuesday morning, May 15, at St. Gabriel's church, Rev. Wm. Becker officiating.

—A Port Allegany man expects to draw six hundred dollars at the first annual distribution of the Golden Soul. He is in a quandary whether to buy an automobile or get married. It's dollars to nickels that whichever he does he'll wish he'd done the other.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Rogerson, No. 265 Congress street, was the scene of a pretty home wedding at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon when their daughter, Miss Ella Elizabeth Rogerson, was united in marriage to Dr. Charles Duane Cobb of Boston. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Kenyon, pastor of the First M. E. church, in the presence of 200 guests.—Bradford Era.

—The people of Galeton have finally become righteously aroused and as a result they take strenuous action in the notorious Clapp case. Public mass meetings were held and resolutions adopted with the result that an aunt of the girl accompanied by a lawyer went to the New York State town where Olive Clapp was staying and succeeded in bringing the little girl to Coudersport, where she will appear against her father, Charles Clapp, at the regular term of criminal court.

Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all disease should be regarded as criminal. Certain it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as criminal, must appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, unsympathetic, cruel, yes criminal, to condemn the poor, weak, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and suffers from weaknesses, derangements and debility which are aggravated by the many household cares and the hard, and never-ending work which the mother is called upon to perform. Dr. Pierce, the maker of that world-famed remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ills—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—says that one of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor, over-worked housewife can not get the needed rest from her many household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his "Prescription" its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those in which his treatment fails by reason of the patient's inability to abstain from hard work long enough to be cured. With those suffering from prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion of the uterus or other displacement of the womanly organs, it is very necessary that, in addition to taking his "Favorite Prescription" they abstain from being very much, or for long periods, on their feet. All heavy lifting or straining of any kind should also be avoided. As much out-door air as possible, with moderate, light exercise is also very important. Let the patient observe these rules and the "Favorite Prescription" will do the rest.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Time Acting.

The o[illegible] peculiar and primiti[illegible] tion and its uses. I[illegible] certain old friend of mine[illegible] he recited the open[illegible]d Lik" and arrives at the [illegible] deep bosom of the ocean[illegible] the deep bos[illegible] sending his voice [illegible] those were fine [illegible] young gentle men[illegible] them constantly [illegible] of the stage have [illegible] and with them the tastes of the people. The probability is that some of the old actors of only a few years ago would excite much merriment in their delineation of tragedy. A very great tragedian of a past generation was wont in the tent scene in "Richard III." to hold a piece of soap in his mouth, so that, after the appearance of the ghosts, the lather and froth might dribble down his chin, and he employed moreover a trick sword which rattled hideously, and, what with his foam decked face, his rolling eyes his inarticulate groans and his rattling blade, the small boy in the gallery was scared into a frenzy of vociferous delight!—Richard Mansfield in Atlantic

Proficient.

When western Iowa was newly settled the farmers in an isolated section banded themselves together as a school district and proceeded to choose one of their number committeeman. A log schoolhouse was erected, and soon a young woman came that way seeking a chance to teach. The committeeman was designated to ascertain her fitness.

When the time for the ordeal arrived the public official was at his wit's end. He had been examined himself often enough, but that was when he was attending district school fifty years before. The very thought of conducting an examination himself, and for a teacher at that, staggered him. He could not think of a question to ask.

The young woman sat waiting, and the old man teetered nervously on his tiptoes.

"Well, now, Miss Burden," he said cautiously at last, "kin you say the alphabet backwards?"

Miss Burden could, and did.

"Fine!" cried the committeeman. "I'll just indorse your certificate." He wrote it thus:

"Fully profeeshunt."

Great Ideas.

A great idea is usually original to more than one discoverer. Great ideas come when the world needs them. They surround the world's ignorance and press for admission.—A. Phelps.

Those are wise who through error pass on to truth; those are fools who hold fast to error.—Ruckert.

Etiquette Among Forest Rangers.

While in the forest reserve in which we hunted I met several of the forest rangers, all of them intelligent men, some with college education, men who seemed peculiarly adapted to their calling, who knew the mountains thoroughly, handy with an ax and gun and full of resources. A degree of ethics obtained among the sportsmen, guides, trappers and forest rangers that was interesting. When any one goes to a deserted cabin, in most of which would be found food, bedding, a stove, etc., it is proper form for him to stay all night, eat all he can put away under his belt, if in dire need divide any supply of tobacco and matches he may find, but he must take away nothing else, since to carry off an article of little value, such as hammer, hatchet, pitchers, snow glasses, screw driver, fish hook, pipe or other similar article might inconvenience the owner greatly when he happened along and wanted them and was forty miles or more from a source of supply. If a belated wanderer fails to wash the dishes and leave a supply of dry wood sufficient to build a fire and cook a meal he is at once tabooed and his companionship is not sought after.—Northwestern Sportsman.

The Size of the Sun.

The sun, provided we measure only the disk seen with the smoked glass, is 866,000 miles in diameter—i. e., 108 earths could be comfortably ranged side by side across the disk. To cover the surface would require many thousands. To fill the interior we should need 1,300,000. On a smaller scale we might represent the sun by a ball two feet in diameter and the earth by a good sized grain of shot. Let the sun be hollowed out, then place the earth at its center and let the moon revolve about it at its real distance of 240,000 miles. There would yet remain nearly 200,000 miles of space between the moon's orbit and the inclosing shell of the sun. Indeed to journey from one side of the sun to the other, through the center, would take one of our swift express trains nearly two and a half years. So vast a globe must be heavy. Since its density is only one-quarter that of the earth it only weighs as much as 332,000 earths, or two pellions of to[illegible] The [illegible] on its [illegible] would [illegible] two tons.

Language in France.

[illegible] sure [illegible] [illegible] proud [illegible] exclusive possession, for it is unlike every other spoken tongue, and the assertion is commonly made that to understand it one must have learned it in the cradle. This peculiar property gives in the mind of the Basque people support to their belief that it was the language of Adam and Eve. The same claim is advanced; though, for Breton. The Romans when they conquered Gaul compared Breton to croaking of ravens. About a million people speak Breton. Then there are Flemish, still spoken by a comparatively small number in northeastern France, Catalan in the Pyrenees-Orientales and Languedoc and Provencal, whose gradual extinction has been delayed mainly by the efforts of a few literary enthusiasts.

Ancient Roses.

Flinders Petrie, the archaeologist, while excavating among some ancient Egyptian tombs, found a wreath of roses which had been bound into a garland and buried with the dead thousands of years ago. M. Crepin, the botanist and microscopist, made a careful examination of this queer find and prepared a paper on it which he read before the Royal society of Belgium. From this paper it appears that in places where the flowers were matted together they still retained their color as well as a very faint odor. The species to which they belong is now extinct, but a rose resembling them in several particulars is still grown in Egypt and Abyssinia.

"A Bare Bodkin."

"Bare," means "mere" as well as "naked," and I cannot doubt that by "bare bodkin" Shakespeare meant "mere bodkin," the point of the passage being with how contemptibly small an instrument we could, if we chose, put an end to life and all its bother. "Bare" probably was used instead of "mere" for the sake of effective alliteration. (Cf. with Hamlet's "bare bodkin;" Richard II.'s "little pin," III, 2, 160.) For "bare" in the sense of "mere" I need cite only "bare imagination of a feast."—London Notes and Queries.

Four Days in the Year.

There are but four days in the year when the sun and clock exactly correspond. In other words, there are but four days of the 365 in which the sun is directly south at noon.

The 15th of April and the 17th of June remember,
August 31 and 24th of December.
On these four days (and none else in the year)
The sun and clock both the same time declare.

The Miracle.

Woodland—What is the difference between a wonder and a miracle? Lorain—Well, if you'd touch me for $5 and I'd lend it to you it would be a wonder. Woodland—That's so. Lorain—And if you returned it that would be a miracle.

Had Her Guessing.

Margie—I wonder if Mr. Smartly meant to give me a left handed compliment? Rita—Why? Margie—He said these artificial flowers I am wearing just match my hair.

Cause and Effect.

"Poor Jones is suffering from melancholia."

"Why, I thought he was the editor of a comic paper."

"He is."

The More the Merrier.

"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold."

"Stout girl, I hope."—London Tatler.

Weddings In Wales.

Many and curious were the old customs in Wales relating to marriage. The following is an account of the bidding ceremony, an old custom which is said to be celebrated even to this day in rural parts of Wales: The bidder goes from house to house with a long pole and ribbons flying at the end of it and standing in the middle floor in each house he repeats a long lesson with great formality. He mentions the day of the wedding, the place, the preparations made, etc. The following is a specimen: "The intention of the bidder is this: With kindness and amity, with decency and liberality for —— and ——, he invites you to come with your good will on the plate. Bring current money—a shilling or two or three or four or five—with cheese and butter. We invite the husband and wife, children and menservants, from the greatest to the least. Come there early. You shall have victuals freely and drink cheap, stools to sit on and fish if we can catch them, but if not, hold us excusable, and they will attend on you when you call upon them in return. They set out from such a place and such a place."

A Bride's Dilemma.

A successful schoolteacher married a wealthy widower. The man had lived alone with his servants since the death of his first wife. On the morning after the bride's arrival in her new home the cook appeared for orders. Now the little woman was far more familiar with the classics than with roasts and stews, and she was not a little dismayed when Mary innocently put the question:

"An' how will ye have the beef cooked, mum?"

For the merest instant she hesitated. Not for a fortune would she have the old servant suspect her absolute ignorance of cookery. But her years in the schoolroom had not been in vain. Calmly and sweetly she answered:

"You may cook it your way today, Mary, and then another time you can try my way."

And the cook went downstairs with a high opinion of her new mistress.—New York Press.

Superstitions of Farmers.

Farmers "stick to the moon" in regard to planting corn and other crops. Some of them will not, under any circumstances, plant corn on moonlight nights, claiming that corn planted then will produce a tall stalk with a short ear. Others just as successfully plant when they are ready, when nights are dark or moonlight, as the case may be. Other notions are indulged in, such as throwing the ooze in rushing water to keep corn from firing. Some farmers would, under no consideration, burn pinder butts, the seed of which is to be used for planting. They must be scattered along a path or highway, to be trodden upon in order to secure a good crop. Green butter bean hulls must be thrown in a road after being shelled for table use from day to day to insure a good crop the following season.—Charleston News and Courier.

Any One Can Spell Shakespeare.

One is not in danger of misspelling the word Shakespeare. Some one has discovered 4,000 ways, of which the following, as they actually appear in old documents, are examples: Shakspere, Shaxpere, Shakspire, Schaxper, Shakespere, Shagpere, Schakspeyr, Shaxespere, Shaxpur, Shaxper, Shaksper, Schackspeire, Saxpere, Shackespire, Shakespire, Shackespeare, Shakaspear, Shakspeax, Shaxpeare, Shakspeere, Shaxpure, Shackspeyr, Shakspear, Schlakesper, etc. If the chirography of Shakespeare himself is any authority twenty-two of these ways are correct.

A Nation of Sleepers.

"Rare slumberers are the Turks," declares a writer. "In the villages, at any rate, they will drop into the land of dreams on the slightest pretext and at the shortest notice. This habit has advantages, one being that the Turk does not at all mind being awakened in the dead of night, for the simple reason that he can go to sleep again the instant he wishes. When staying in very limited quarters I have often heard a member of the family get up and after searching about among his sleeping companions thoroughly rouse them all to ask where his tobacco was or upon some equally slight excuse."

Enough Money.

Half a dozen brokers were discussing Russell Sage and his peculiarities when one of them told this story: The financier was once asked, "When does a man get enough money, Mr. Sage?" "When he gets $10,000 more," said Uncle Russell as he stopped at an apple stand for a moment. Then he passed on without buying.

The Test.

"How do you like your new music teacher?"

"He's no good."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Yesterday I played a common tune clear through, and he didn't say it would take a week's practice to offset the harm done."

His Part.

"Look here," remarked the thrifty man to his extravagant wife, "you're carrying too much sail, my lady."

"I don't know why you should bother about that," she retorted.

"No?" said he. "I think I should, since I have to raise the wind."

Brought Down the House.

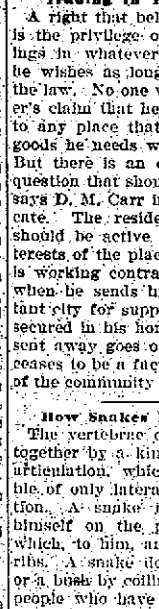
Critic—I hear that the new man's acting brought down the house. Manager—Yes, it did. In one week it brought down the house from 800 to 10 people and the attendants.

In the Doctor's Waiting Room.

Doctor (entering suddenly)—Which of you has waited longest? Shears (sulkily)—I. I have waited six months, and you haven't paid me for that last suit yet!

The First Son.

Nodd—I can't make up my mind what college to send that boy of mine to. Todd—How old is he? Nodd—Nearly three weeks.



Explanations

are often highly unsatisfactory. Ask a tinker why he charged usual prices for a botch job of plumbing and he is dumb. Discharge the tinker and hire us. Our

Plumbing Work

is high grade, stands closest inspection and is as cheap as others. Material used, like our work is A1. Get us for spring plumbing and have it done right.

PETER W. STRONG,

[illegible] Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

STRANGE ADVICE!

Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New, trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 24, 1906.

Political Announcement.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER:—I am a candidate for member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. If nominated and elected, I will strive to represent our county with fairness to all and to secure only such legislation as will promote the best interests of all. I believe that many reforms are needed in Pennsylvania and if elected, I will vote to secure and maintain them.

R. P. HAGOOD.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 21, 1906.

N. M. Orr of Kane is a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to nomination at the Republican primaries.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of Representative in the Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at its primaries.

A. J. NORDSTROM.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 6, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of the House of Representatives, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries.

JAMES A. MCKEAN.

Smethport, Pa., April 25, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of the House of Representatives, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries.

C. V. MERRICK.

Bradford, Pa., April 25, 1906.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

P. D. OSTRANDER.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 21, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. D. SIMMONS.

State Line Mills, Pa., March 7, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries.

LEON CURTIS.

Kenting Twp., April 18, 1906.

FOR DELEGATES.

Major Andrew D. Burns, of the city of Bradford, is hereby announced as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

Hon. John W. Campbell of Kane, is a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, under the rules of the Republican party.

The announcement of Samuel W. Smith Esq., of Port Allegany, as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, is hereby made, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

Down in Altoona highwaymen recently held up a policeman and took his badge and club away from him. "How will we protect policeman?" is now the question before the Mountain City.

THE life of Governor David R. Francis of Missouri is being threatened by a crank who demands $5,000. The governor's wife is alarmed, but, of course, Dave will have to be shown before he becomes frightened.

FREE after 14 years' imprisonment Alexander Berkman, the anarchist, who attempted to assassinate Henry C. Frick left the Allegheny workhouse Saturday morning. He says he will locate in St. Louis and engage in newspaper work.

STOESSEL, the Russian general, who surrendered Port Arthur to the Japanese, is a doomed man. Whether his death will be ordered openly by the Russian government is a matter of conjecture, but persons familiar with the methods of that country say that he has no chance for life and after he has dropped from public notice is liable to be "found dead" at any time.

MORE than $18,000,000 in gold is being counted at the sub-treasury in New York City. Besides the yellow coin of the United States, there was English, French and German gold. At times the men have to stop to rest their eyes, as the constant glare of the shining metal causes a haze to float before their eyes, almost blinding them. No work is done at night, but all the daylight is utilized.

AFTER attempting to take his life 200 times John Rieman, 47 years of age, an inmate of the Allegheny county home at Woodville, Thursday morning, succeeded. He was found hanging to a bedpost by his suspenders. Although still living he died shortly afterwards. Rieman was a widower with four children and was a prosperous farmer of McCandless township. After the death of his wife three years ago, he developed a suicidal mania and tried many different methods to end his life.

THE well known Spanish dancer, Rosario Guerrero, has danced herself into a mad house. While filling an engagement in Vienna she became violently insane and was taken to an asylum. Her intense devotion to her art, which would cause her to rise from her bed and practice dancing, is said to be the cause of her condition. She is a very attractive woman and three men have met their death on account of love for her. One committed suicide and the other two engaged in a duel which resulted fatally to both.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1906.

For a time at least, the Senate is done with the Rate Bill. The final vote on the bill has not yet been taken, but the Allison Amendment has been incorporated in it, and the suspicious words "in their judgment," which alluded to the Interstate Commerce Commission, have been stricken out by a large majority. So it looks as though there would be no cloud on the constitutionality of the bill as it will ultimately be passed. The questionable words were contained in the original Hepburn Bill, but it was agreed that while they might possibly vitiate its constitutionality, they could add nothing to its effectiveness. They were therefore eliminated. There is still some question among the various authorities as to how wide a review the Allison amendment will really amount to. The chances are that it will prove tolerably sweeping. But if the courts are honest, and it is to be presumed that they are, there can be no objection to a court review of the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

There is a good deal of sting in the come-back of the Commissioner of Corporations at the Standard Oil Company and the railroads he had accused of bad faith, rebating and other things in connection with the transportation of oil. Mr. Garfield says in a letter to the President on the subject, that the criticisms of the railroads and of the Standard Oil officials as to his report are all of them groundless and that they dodge the real issue. He does not brand them all as "deliberate and malicious liars," as did Senator Bailey in calling down certain correspondents in the Senate. But he produces a few facts that have almost the same effect. He says that the investigation disclosed "numerous and flagrant violations of the law and discriminations by the railroads in favor of the Standard Oil Company." He says that the Standard Oil Company, despite the denials of its officials, has been given absolutely unassailable and monopolistic control of the oil market. He points out some of the discriminations as follows: Secret and semi-secret rates, discrimination in the open arrangement of rates, discrimination in the classification and rules of shipment and the discrimination in the treatment of private tank cars. He says that unfairness obviously is not necessary when the Standard ships at the higher and the Independent at the lower rate. A sample of this is in the shipment of oil in bulk and in barrels. The tank cars used by the Standard where they do not use pipe lines, are returned to them free of charge. The smaller producer who has to ship his oil in barrels because he does not own tank cars, is charged the same freight on the barrels as on the oil, which amounts to nearly a 25 per cent discrimination against him, and he is forced to pay the same freight on the return of his barrels if he is not able to sell them at the end of the run, so that the discrimination in freight charges really amounts to 50 per cent on this count alone. The reply of the Standard officials is that the small producer should own his own tank cars, as the Standard does. But if he does, he very soon finds that the railroads have ways of landing his cars in San Francisco when he wants them in New York.

Mr. Garfield reiterates his assertion that the discrimination in freight rates means a saving to the Standard of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. He declares that to effectively conceal the lower rates they have given to the Standard, the railroads have used peculiar methods of billing and accounting. He says that shipments have been falsely waybilled at the published rates and freight charges collected at the lower rates. Rates have been made for the express purpose of letting the Standard into certain markets and for keeping competitors out. If, Mr. Garfield adds, the law prohibits the obtaining of a certain advantage by a specific device and the same result is obtained in a different way, then the law is faulty and its justice is a sham.

Altogether the Commissioner shows himself no mean hand at toying with the Muck Rake, but he shows that as Commissioner Clements put it in the Interstate Commerce hearing, that "if the Standard is muck, there is no good reason why it should not be raked." In fact Mr. Garfield comes out as the Ida Tarbell of the Administration and it is probable that the railroad and Standard Oil officials will keep quiet after this blast for fear a worse thing befall them.

Much more than usual interest has attached to the meeting here this week of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. This association resulted from the appointment of the commission by the President to inquire into the subject and the meeting this week brought together some of the greatest medical men from all over the country interested in the prevention of the diseases. It was a subject that knows no limitation of color, creed or clime, and the proceedings of the Association were interesting in detail. The most important conclusion reached, however, was that the check of consumption in this country could be the result only of a campaign of education that would reach every person in the land. It was stated that consumption is neither hereditary nor contagious, though it can be and is conveyed from the patient to the rest of the community if he does not follow certain lines and destroy the sputa that carries the contagion broadcast. The association decided to enlist the aid of the school teachers throughout the land and get them to help teaching both scholars and parents what tuberculosis really is, how it may be conveyed, and how it is to be avoided. The Association has a large amount of literature on the subject that it is ready to distribute on application.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES,
Smethport, Pa.

BELL BROS.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Bargains from the great Claflin Sale of Wash Goods all this week.

Our purchases amounted to about 20,000 yards.

The Claflin Sale consisted of a great round-up of surplus stocks—mill ends, short lengths, etc., from the factories, and was the greatest offering of this season's productions. We have divided our purchases into 10 lots and quote as follows:

Lot 25—1 case (2500 yds) out of a total of 61 cases. Printed Batiste, odd patters, value 7c, for 4½c

Lot 12—1 case (out of a total of 160 cases) Sheer Printed Organdies, floral designs, value 10c and 12½c, for 7½c

Lot 20—1 case (out of a total of 21 cases) fine printed batiste, value 15 and 18c yard, for 10c

Lot 17—1 case (out of a total of 21 cases) woven seersuckers, perfect goods, 26 in. wide, value 12½c and 15c per yard, for 8½c

Lot 38—1 case (1500 yds) printed lawns and challies, staple patterns, value 5c yd., for 3¾c

Lot 37—1 case out of 40 cases Zephyr Ginghams, 27 to 30 in. wide, perfect goods, value 12½c to 18c yd. for 8½c

Bought from supplemental sale too late for classification in the Claflin catalogue:

1000 yds. of Arnold's printed organdies, beautiful patterns, value 15 and 18c, for 12½c

600 yds. of Arnold's printed Eolines, designs perfect, mostly white grounds, worth 45 and 50c, for 39c

1000 yds. printed silk effects, sheer and very pretty, value 35 and 40c per yd., for 25c

1800 yds. of 36 in. Percales, mostly dark grounds, the 12½c quality, for 9¾c

1000 ydr. apron check ginghams, the 7c kind, 5½c

BELL BROS.

The leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan Palmer House, 35c

20c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10,20,22,&35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00

SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes. Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

FOR

Men
Women
Children.

SHOES THAT FIT AND WEAR FOR THE SAME PRICE AT

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10¢ & 15c

Remember you may have free every month The Ladies' Home Journal Style Book. It is better than most fashion periodicals.

House cleaning time is here and we would like to call your attention to the fact that I can furnish you with

Curtain scrim at 10c per yd.
Curtain swiss at 15c per yd.
Dotted curtain mull at 12½c per yd.
Mull curtains at 75c to $1.25 per pair.
Lace curtains at $1 to $3 per pair.
White poles and trimming at 10c each.
Extension curtain poles at 10c each.
Telescopic sash rods at 10c per pair.
Window shades at 25 to 50c each.
Window shading, 38 to 48 in. wide, 20 to 40c per yd.
Shade rollers at 15c.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

March 20, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

We offer for the week a line of

SUMMER GOODS

which will prove very pleasing to you for these warm days.

Bolero suits in white, cotton and linen

5.00 5.50 7.50 8.50 9.00

The popular Pony Jackets and Suits, trimmed with lace and insertion.

5.50 7.50 9.00

White Wash Skirts of fine lawns, moderately priced, lawns and mull shirt waist suits

3.50 to 8.50

A complete new line of the cool shirt waists for present wear. All sizes and priced so extremely close that you can afford half a dozen at least.

SEE THEM ON OUR COUNTERS.

HAMMOCKS.

We have the largest line of any firm in Smethport and they are all "Palmer" Hammocks which proves that they are of the best quality. Just take a look at our prices:

$5.00 takes our best hammock, none better at any price.

$4.00 gets one that is right in every particular.

$2.40 buys the best medium priced Hammock on the market.

$1.75 takes one that is better than most $2.00 grades.

$1.35 gets one that is well worth more money.

$1.00 buys our cheapest, but it is alright for the money.

When you think of HARDWARE think of REDFIELD.

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 24, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Remember the ball game Decoration Day.

—Don't forget to put out the national colors Decoration Day.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell yesterday, a girl.

—Most of the stores in town will close at noon on Decoration Day.

—Summer goods are advertised by The Lindholm Co. this week.

—Pietro Natello has opened a restaurant in the Stickles building in East Smethport.

—Fry & Comes are having a May clearance sale and in their ad they give some prices.

—The Port Allegany High School and Smethport High School baseball teams will play here Decoration Day afternoon.

—The MINER acknowledges an invitation to the commencement exercises of The Pennsylvania State College at State College, June 10-13, 1906.

—"Human Life," the bright, fearless magazine, edited by Alfred Henry Lewis, continues to gain in popularity and is among the best of 5-cent publications.

—The second team of Clermont defeated the Hazelhurst snappers in a very uninteresting game of baseball last Sunday by the score of 23 to 18. Batteries, Perry and Silfies, Landaugh and Foster.

—But for the fact that Kane Field has been rented for choice dates this week and next, Smethport base ball fans would have had a chance to see some real ball games. The regular Smethport team could have secured fast opponents for these dates.

—The W. R. C. and the Rebekahs will meet at the residence of Mrs. Emil Thamm next Tuesday evening for the purpose of making bouquets and wreaths for Decoration Day. Anyone who has flowers to donate will please leave them with Mrs. Thamm.

—Max Schooler is making preparations to move from the Backus building into the Reilly block at the corner of Main and Franklin streets. J. A. Holder will move from the latter building into the store room recently occupied by Hagberg & Sherburne.

—A young man named Cook was overcome by the heat last Friday while working with the men engaged in laying a cement walk in front of John B. Eastman's dwelling house on East King street. Cook recovered within a few hours and was able to resume work.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick, a member of the State Board of Health, was called over from the county seat Monday evening to go to Ludlow for the purpose of investigating the cause of so many cases of scarlet fever, which have recently broken out in that town.—Kane Republican.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the day—the Sunday after the Ascension—will be "Significance of the Ascension," and "Elijah's Translation." The evening service from the first Sunday in June will be at 8 o'clock.

—A neat and substantial monument has just been placed on the lot of Mrs. Anna McKeirnan to the memory of her husband and family. The work was completed and furnished by Foley Bros. Company, the Olean monumental dealers. This firm also placed a monument at the graves of Moses Shattuck and wife.

—A stock company composed of glass workers, principally from Roulette, have leased the glass factory at Covington and will operate it. The plant will be thoroughly overhauled and repaired and will be ready to commence operations September 1st. The company has leased the factory for a term of years.—Wellsboro Gazette.

—During the severe electrical storm Wednesday of last week, James Quirk's house in Irish Hollow was struck by lightning. The inmates were uninjured. The house was somewhat damaged. A large maple tree in front of the Schoonmaker dwelling house in East Smethport was struck by lightning the same day.

—Guy Baker, aged 26 years, farmer and teamster, residing near Petroleum Center, was instantly killed by a falling tree Saturday afternoon. He was removing stumps and a tree to which he had attached his tackle was not as firmly rooted as the stump and in falling struck Baker on the head, breaking his skull. He never recovered consciousness.

—Mr. Will B. Cole and Miss Mayme Earlbeck were married at Coudersport, Saturday, May 12. The groom is a well known young business man of Coudersport, and the bride is a charming young lady, formerly a resident of Coudersport, who has lived for several years past with her parents at Ocean Grove, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Cole will reside in Coudersport.

—Big "Rube" Waddell, probably the greatest pitcher of the national game, will be out of business for three weeks on account of a broken thumb. "Rube" was driving with a friend in Philadelphia Tuesday and a delivery wagon ran into their rig, throwing them out on the pavement. The famous ball player started in to "mix it up" with the driver of the delivery wagon, but was stopped by a policeman. Sometime during the fracas "Rube" had the thumb of his left, "pitching" hand broken. The accident is a severe blow to the Athletics who depend to a great extent on the big pitcher's ability to keep them at the head of the race.

—The Bucktail committee met at Driftwood on Monday, Mr. J. F. Parsons of this place being in attendance and reports that the reunion will be held at Driftwood, Sept. 14th and 15th. L. W. Gleason has been elected chairman and Jos. S. Johnston secretary. Gen. Jas. A. Beaver has promised to be present and other notables are expected to be present.—Emporium Press.

—A Pittsburg dispatch of Sunday says: A movement has been started to close all window glass factories in the country except the machine equipped plants of the American Window Glass Company, on June 9, for the purpose of restricting production, and to enable manufacturers to maintain the present prices. It is said enough glass is on hand to meet the summer demands.

—"The Bell Boy" presented before a small audience at the Lyceum last night was not the best show of its kind ever seen on the local stage, but it was a lively production and deserved better patronage. Some of the songs are staged in a brilliant manner, but the least said of the vocal part of the performance the better. Anger and Hanley are a clever pair of dancers and their work is easily the leading feature of the show.

—Pat Dougherty of Bolivar, former left fielder with the New York Americans, who left a week ago because of a cut in his salary, departed Monday for Lancaster, Pa., to join the Lancaster team in the Tri-State league. Dougherty says he is to receive $450 a month as left fielder with Lancaster. He says he cannot be blacklisted for joining the outlaws because he has signed no contract with the New York Americans.—Breeze.

—Preaching at the Baptist church next Sunday by Rev. T. D. Ware at at 10:45 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m., Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m. The memorial services of the G. A. R. will be held at the Baptist church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, sermon by the pastor and special music under the direction of Dr. H. L. McCoy. There will be no evening service on account of the services held in the afternoon.

—Normandy Circle, C. L. S. C., closed its work for the season on Monday evening, May 14. After the regular program had been completed officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Miss Young; vice president, Miss Day; secretary, Miss Mabel Day; treasurer, Miss Biever. The work for 1906-07 will be a study of England and English literature, giving special prominence to the work of Shakespeare.

—Cases against 21 automobile owners were quashed at Scranton by a ruling of Judge Newcomb that the act of April 28, 1903, regulating the operation of automobiles is unconstitutional. The Judge decides that the title and body of the act are at variance in that the law requires the owner to take out a license, and penalizes any one for operating the machine without a license. This, the Judge contends, would be unfair to chauffeurs.

—Cement walks have been completed in front of the dwelling houses of E. W. Workley and J. B. Eastman on East King street. Mr. Workley also had walks laid around his dwelling. A similar walk is being constructed in front of Postmaster Gallop's home on East King street. Main street was blocked at the postoffice corner several days on account of the construction of a new crossing. The crossing at the corner of Main and Mechanic streets has been completed.

—A gay and festive preacher told his flock at Lucas Ridge, Ky., last Sunday that the bible is a dead letter. The congregation did not start any Crapsey trials. The people just chased that expounder out of the church through a window to the tall timber, eggs being the missiles used to accelerate his flight. His faithful followers followed him for two miles. He would have been better pleased had they not been so faithful and orthodox in their dispositions.—Random Notes, Bradford Era.

—The many friends of Prof. W. L. MacGowan in Smethport will have an opportunity to hear him at the Baptist church, Saturday, June 2, in a lecture on Yellowstone Park, illustrated with views taken by Mr. MacGowan on his various visits to the Park. Prof. MacGowan was principal of the Smethport schools a number of years ago, and his ability as an entertaining speaker is well known. He is now superintendent of the Warren schools. Do not fail to hear him at the Baptist church, Saturday night, June 2. The lecture is under the auspices of the L. O. T. M.

—The terrific rain storm of yesterday did considerable damage in Smethport and vicinity. Many gardens were completely ruined, while others were partially washed out, and lawns were damaged in a number of instances. At six o'clock Main street resembled a turbulent river and Street Commissioner Eagan and his assistants were kept busy. Several houses on Water street were in the midst of a temporary lake. Reports from farmers in the vicinity say that much damage was sustained by growing crops. The heavy downpour of rain which occurred about 5:30 o'clock almost reached the proportions of a cloudburst.

Card of Thanks.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to those who so kindly assisted through the illness and death of our dear mother and wife. O. L. Sturtevant and family.

Personal Mention.

W. B. Fry was down from Hazelhurst on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Bolivar were in town Sunday.

Nels Berg of Newerf was a pleasant caller at this office last Saturday.

W. A. Leonardson of Kane was the guest of friends in town Sunday.

Miss Carrie Servatius of Kane visited friends in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Brennan of Hazelhurst were Smethport visitors yesterday.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and Orlo J. Hamlin are in New York City on business this week.

Mrs. Hilton and daughter, Miss Bessie, of Bradford were Smethport visitors over Sunday.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett were in attendance at the opera Saturday night.

Mrs. W. P. Clothier of Buffalo, is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells and daughter, Miss Irma, were guests of friends in Mt. Jewett Sunday.

S. E. Bell and H. M. Choate are attending the annual state conclave of Knights Templar in Pittsburg.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett attended the production of the "Little Tycoon" at the Lyceum on Saturday night.

Dr. H. L. McCoy of Smethport was the guest of his nephew, Roscoe Bard, Monday night. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Harry McQuiston, of Mexico City, Mexico.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 19, 1906:

S. F. Blystone, Mrs. Herman Cooper, Mrs. Estella Frier, Mr. and Mrs. Captain Hopkins 3, Mrs. M. Hooley, Mrs. Pat Kane, Miss Myrtle Matteson, Mrs. Helena Osbeck, T. Paley 2, Samuel Simcox. Foreign—Pietro Borcventura.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Excursion Rates Decoration Day.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad offers excursion rates of one fare for the round trip between all stations Decoration Day, Wednesday, May 30th. Tickets good on regular trains on date of sale only. No baggage will be checked.

Low rate excursion from Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern stations to Niagara Falls and return on this date, fare from Smethport $2.28, train leaving at 9:02 a. m. Corresponding low rates from other stations. For further particulars see hand bills or enquire of agents.

Low Round Trip Rates to Colorado

and the Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road. If you expect to make a trip to Colorado, the Pacific Coast, or any point in the West, Northwest or Southwest, do not overlook the extremely low rates, convenient through Coach, Sleeper and Dining Car service offered by the Nickel Plate Road in connection with any route you may choose beyond Chicago. For full information write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Notice.

My wife, Ollie, having left my bed and board, I hereby forbid all persons to harbor her or give her credit as I will pay no bills of her contraction.

ED. EASTWOOD,

Newerf, Pa., May 22, 1906.

Graduate Optician Coming.

J. M. Barnett, D. O., will be at the Commercial House, Smethport, June 1st and 2nd. Goods and service guaranteed. Come and be convinced, no trouble to show goods. Office hours 7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 3 p. m. and 6 to 9 p. m.

All Horsemen Take Notice.

The famous Percheron stallion, "Tonique," will be at Hayes' Livery Stable at Hazelhurst every Thursday evening and until Friday noon, during the season of 1906. Kane Percheron Horse Co.

WANTED—Men to peel bark in Potter county. Good wages. Apply to B. G. Farrell, Supt., Costello, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

. . . MAY CLEARANCE SALE. . . .

At this season there is always an accumulation of odd lots and broken lines of all sorts of merchandise. These odd lots we must get rid of in order to keep our stocks clean.

The very low price, some even less than half, that we quote this week ought to get them out in a hurry. Below is a partial list:

LADIES SKIRTS

11 Tailored Skirts, regular 4.50 to 7.50, blues, greens, blacks & mixtures, May sale HALF PRICE.

WASH SILKS

75 yds of 50c Printed Wash Silks, white grounds with colored dots, 19 in., May sale price 38c

MEN'S SHIRTS

23 Negligee Shirts, dark colors, $1 and $1.50 qualities, sizes 14 to 16. May sale price 50c

LADIES UNDERWEAR.

30 prs. Ribbed Gauze Pants, knee lengths, sizes 4 and 5, 20c grade, May sale price 13c

42 Ribbed Gauze Vests, short sleeves, button front, 25c grade, May sale price 13c

HOSIERY.

57 prs. Ladies fancy hose, values up to 50c, some slight-perfect, all sizes, May sale price 13c

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Are You Going To Paint?

This will interest you. While it lasts we will sell you a first class mixed paint for ONE DOLLAR per gallon.

This stock must be closed out. Come early while the assortment is good.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Wedding and Graduation Presents at Prill's.

If you are looking for a graduation present come here and we will help you.

We have a complete line of silver case goods sterling ware, cut glass, bric-a-brac, etc.

This will be a Comb and Bracelet season.

We are prepared for this and offer you a line of both, in solid gold and gold filled, at prices that are right.

Watches
Diamonds
Diamond Jewelry
Chains
Festoons
Hat Pins, &c.

Watches demagnetized and repairing at

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

Early Summer Millinery.

We are now showing the most popular and charming ideas in New Summer Millinery. They are the latest products of the season—handsome, becoming and stylish.

Our beautiful fine white lawn waists are unexcelled. Some have artistically trimmed yokes, others entire fronts of imported allover embroidery.

Just received an immense lot of ladies shirt waist dresses and separate skirts both in white and colors. We can suit you in style and price. We are showing some of the newest and most popular novelties—hat pins, belts, belt buckles, fancy bags, combs, collars, etc.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Sox with a Six-Months' Guarantee AGAINST HOLES
Black, Tan, (light and dark) Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black sox with white feet. Fast colors. Sizes 9 to 12.
Two Grades:— (1)—Worsted (medium weight) Sold only in lots of 6 pairs for $2.50. A six-months guarantee ticket with each pair. (2)—Cotton (medium and light). Sold only in lots of 6 pairs for $1.50. A six-months guarantee ticket with each pair.
Hole-proof Sox
FOR SALE BY

WM. MONHEIMER.

An Unbelievable Offer

but nevertheless true.

Ladies and gents hose that are sold with the Binding Guarantee that they need no darning for SIX MONTHS from date of purchase. If they should we agree to replace them by new ones.

Don't accept the just-as-good-kind, insist on Hole-proof.

The Partnership ...Hat...

THE hat in question was a fine black straw, nearly flat in shape and tastefully trimmed with pink roses and black lace. And each individual half belonged to a different girl, a curious partnership.

The two owners of this very pretty hat were Mary Olden and Minnie Owens. So the initials inside could be shown as proof of the ownership of both or either.

These two young girls worked in a factory where there was much to do and little to earn. They lived in a tiny house quite a mile from the factory. The reason they did this was that they did not like the surroundings in the cheap boarding places where the majority of the factory girls lived, and here they had the advantage of privacy, quiet and the motherly care of the owner of the house.

By dint of great economy both girls had achieved neat black mohair suits for "best," but it seemed impossible for them both to get hats suitable for the mohair costumes for the price which they could afford. The ready to wear hats in vogue at that place did not appeal to either of them, but the

"NO, NOT FOR TWENTY FAIRS," REPLIED MINNIE DECIDEDLY.

others cost too much. So one day, while the question was being discussed, Mrs. Pierce, their landlady, said:

"Why don't you club together and get one real nice hat in partnership?"

"But we couldn't wear it both at once," said Minnie.

"I don't see how it could be managed," said Mary thoughtfully, yet she was ready to be convinced, as they had both fallen in love with the hat mentioned above.

"Why, Minnie goes to 10 o'clock mass in her church way downtown, and you go to evening service in another church."

"I might want to go in the evening, too," said Minnie.

"Now, see here; the hat you want is a good investment. It will do over four or five seasons, and the lace is good. New flowers won't cost much. To have it you must make concessions. It costs more than either alone can pay. Fix it this way: Minnie has it one Sunday and Mary the next. And if you do as I say about the churches no one will ever know but you each have one."

"I am willing if Minnie is."

"I'm agreeable," said Minnie. "But who is to wear it first?"

"We'll do as the men do—spin a penny, and if it falls head up it is Mary, and if tails it is Minnie."

"That's fair," said Minnie. Mrs. Pierce, with great gravity, spun a penny, which fell with the Indian's face down. So Minnie was to wear it first.

They bought the hat that night. Both tried it on in their ordinary and then their best suits. Minnie wore a high pompadour and tipped the hat back on her head so that it formed an aureole above her face. Mary brought it down over her brow, as she wore her abundant hair simply parted and braided at the back and coiled there. The hat adapted itself to each pretty face.

It must be admitted that Mary sighed as Minnie walked proudly off that first Sunday. Somehow the bloom was rubbed off the plum over so little. "I do hope it won't rain," thought Mary.

One day Minnie came home with very red cheeks, and she was not alone, for young Ferguson, one of the boss foremen, came with her. It was evident that he was desperately in love with her, though his admiring glances fell more often on the hat than on Minnie herself. Minnie took the hat off and gave it to Mary, who suddenly noticed two very big pin holes in the crown. If in three Sundays it was going to show signs of wear Minnie ought to be more careful. It belonged to her as much as to Minnie, and Minnie was very careless, and the way Minnie wore her hair no hat could be expected to stay on unless it was fairly skewered. Really she must speak to Minnie, but of course not before Mr. Ferguson. So she brushed the hat tenderly, covered it with tissue paper and laid it in the box.

The next Sunday Mary went to church, leaving Minnie the picture of desolation, and Mary did not return alone. Mr. Elverton, the handsome young clerk of the district court, had had his eyes compelled by the sweet face of Mary, but more by the elegant hat, with its fine pink roses half buried in the black lace. It was so different from the fearful and wonderful creations of the local milliners that, man as he was, he noticed it and was drawn to his doom.

Minnie did the most of the talking that afternoon. Mary was filled with a new joy, so great and so wonderful that she had no words. Whenever she raised her limpid eyes to Ormond's face she saw such a light of tenderness and love in his that hers drooped with the wealth of happiness that had come to her. He loved her!

The next Sunday Mary remained at home, and Minnie wore the hat. Mr Ferguson came home with her. Late in the afternoon Ormond came to see if Mary were indisposed. He had not seen her at church.

No; Mary was quite well, but women know how to invent excuses that prove one thing while being entirely the other. He remained to tea. During the afternoon mention was made of Memorial day, which would be the following week. Both the men proposed together that they should all go to see the parade in a landau and afterward drive out to the cemetery to decorate the graves. Elverton had quantities of flowers growing in his yard which he would have gathered, and they could take them along. Mary had been tenderly cultivating a few potted plants. Some of them were for the few soldiers who lay in that graveyard and the rest for the father who had laid down his life for the Union. Mr. Ferguson said he had some new silk flags which they could place on the soldiers' graves. The two girls looked at each other with white faces. They said neither "Yes" nor "No" to the invitation, but the men took it for granted that they intended to go and admired them all the more at their evident appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion. Said Ferguson to Minnie:

"You'll wear your new hat, Miss Minnie. You look fine in it. No girl in Brockton has one as nice." They stood by the little gate together, as she had made a pretext to gather him a bouquet. Mary and Ormond were still in the little sitting room.

"You will wear that pretty hat with the roses on, I hope. It is the prettiest hat I ever saw, and you become it."

Mary put her hand to her throat, suddenly choked by the awful thought. To whom would fall the partnership hat for the day? And as soon as the two girls were alone Mary said to Minnie, whose face shone with her happiness:

"What are we going to do?"

"About the hat? Why, it is my turn next Sunday, so instead of Sunday I'll wear it then," replied Minnie coolly.

"Minnie," gasped Mary, "let me wear it and I'll give you my new gloves."

"No, not for twenty pairs," replied Minnie decidedly.

Mrs. Pierce was called. Mary was desperate. Somehow this partnership began to assume unexpected proportions, and she even thought that perhaps it was against the law—such a deception. What if she were to be dragged into court and Ormond obliged to hear the awful truth! The hat had lost its luster; yet he thought it pretty, and she knew it was becoming. Minnie might wear it.

But Mrs. Pierce believed in the ultimate justice of heads and tails, and Mary won. But when she saw Minnie turn white and sway as if about to faint she said:

"Minnie, I won't wear it. You may."

But Minnie was generous and Mary must wear it. Then neither mentioned it until the eventful day. Twice Minnie tried it on surreptitiously, with a new arrangement of her hair, sighed and put it away again. Mary said nothing, but felt much like crying all these days. She could not give up her chance of happiness which might depend upon the allurement of this hat, and yet the settled despair of Minnie's set face hurt. Minnie had renounced it and was suffering the pain attendant upon that heroic act.

The girls were at breakfast on that sacred morning, but neither had any appetite. Suddenly Mary sprang up, upsetting her coffee in her hurry, and disappeared in their joint bedroom. Minnie knew that she was coming forth resplendent in that beautiful hat, but instead Mary came out dressed in the deep mourning gown, with the close bonnet and long crape veil, that her mother had worn for so short a time. In her hand she held the partnership hat and gave it to Minnie.

"Oh, Mary, you are a saint!" was all the surprised girl could say, and she hugged Mary out of breath, to the imminent danger of the hat's destruction.

When the handsome landau arrived before the gate the young men came in to help with the flowers. Ferguson looked admiration at Minnie, and as they passed down the walk to put their fragrant load in the carriage he—well, it was all settled then.

Elverton had stood as though transfixed as he saw Mary. Her sweet and gentle beauty had gained a new dignity and something so touching that it appealed to all his tenderness. He said with great respect and admiration and sympathy:

"I scarcely knew you. Have you lost any one?"

At the same time he noted the pearly delicacy of her face against the crape.

"I—I—think black is more fitting for this day. My father was a soldier, you know, and my mother is dead, too, but if you think you would prefer it—I need not go with you."

"Mary, I can keep silence no longer. I do want you to go with me, not only today, but all my life. Will you go?"

And Mary said she would.

OLIVE HARPER.

A Conscript Father.

J. M. Learned of Oxfordville, N. H., had three twins in the Union army. Two were in the Fourteenth Massachusetts. The third, whose twin was a girl, was in the Fifth New Hampshire.

PISO'S CURE FOR

25 CTS

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

25 CTS

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

DRANK TO SAVE A CITY.

A Legend of the Quaint Old Town of Rothenburg.

Much is made of the legends and history of the quaint mediæval town of Rothenburg, as is natural where they lay so much stress on their past glories, says the Metropolitan Magazine. The shop windows are full of big glass cups with painted figures of the emperor, the seven electors and other worthies (souvenirs for the unwary tourists), and in some of the decorations of huts and wine rooms a man is pictured drinking out of such a cup, accompanied by verses alluding to a Georg Nusch and to a Meister Trunk.

We wondered about it till we found a local guide book with the explanation. It seems this Nusch by his famous drink saved the town several centuries ago. He was a senator and a son of the innkeeper of the Rother Hahn (Red Cock), which is still standing a little way down the street here. Many of the inns are hundreds of years old and are run under the same names they have always borne. Well, during the wars of the reformation this was a Protestant town and was besieged and taken by Tilly after a spirited resistance. He entered the place followed by his train and proceeded to the Rathus, where the burgermeister and the senators were assembled, and in the barbarous style of those days ordered that they all be beheaded.

Then there was such wailing and entreaties from the wives and children and townspeople that he finally said he would be content with the death of four, but the rest would not listen to this and said all of them or none; or something to that effect, and the burgermeister was sent off to get the executioner. At length, when everything was in a great uproar, Tilly called for drinks, and a trembling barmaid brought him a great stirrup cup of Tauber wine. He drank from it and passed it on to some of his men, and still it wasn't emptied when suddenly struck by its size and, being in a better humor from the wine he said in jest:

"If any man of you can empty this full cup at one draft I will show mercy and spare the town."

At this all the people stood and stared, not one daring to undertake it (the cup held, three quarts), until Nusch, thinking that would at least be the pleasanter death and probably used to drinking a great deal, said he would try it. Everybody was breathless with suspense, hoping he would give out before emptying the cup, but on and on he went till the last drop was drained. He had only strength enough left to hand the cup to Tilly and say, "Thy promise," when he fell fainting to the ground. He recovered in a few days, however, and lived to be eighty. And Tilly kept his word.

The First Submarine Boats.

In 1624 Van Drebbel, a Dutchman, built in London a submarine boat which could contain twelve rowers as well as some passengers, and on one occasion James I. descended beneath the Thames in the vessel. The inventor is said to have discovered a liquid possessing the important property of rendering the air in the confined space under hatches suitable for repeated inhalation and thus to prolong the time which could be spent under water. The first submarine boat used in warfare, 1777, was built by David Bushnell in Connecticut. It was managed by one man, who could remain thirty minutes under water. Fulton, a New Yorker, made one to hold eight men, who could be supplied with air for eight hours under water.

Fans as Dustpans.

In Japan the uses of the fan are many and various. They are wielded by men, women and children, by soldier and civilian. A butterfly shaped fan in the hands of the umpire at a wrestling match is made to convey all sorts of messages, which are promptly understood and attended to by the combatants. Grain is winnowed by the farmer with a stout fan, and the domestic servant not only fans the embers of a charcoal fire, but she also uses her coarse paper fan as a dustpan for taking up the ashes.

A Ship's Speed.

A ship's speed is reckoned by knots, a knot being a geographical mile, or one-sixtieth of a degree. Six geographical miles are about equal to seven statute miles, and a ship that sails 12 knots therefore is really moving at the rate of fourteen statute miles an hour. It should be remembered that it is incorrect to say so many "knots an hour," simply so many knots; for a knot means "one mile an hour."

"Stringing" Him.

A smart young fellow called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field: "Well done, old fellow. You sow, I reap the fruits."

"Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."—Harper's Weekly.

Rails and Wires.

"In early times the leading statesmen were those who split rails."

"But we have none save wire fences today."

"And the leaders are consequently those who pull wires."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Epitaph.

In memory of our father: Gone to join his appendix, his tonsils, his olfactory nerve, his kidney, his eardrum and a leg prematurely removed by a hospital surgeon who craved the experience.—Newsboy's Magazine.

If you resolve to do right you will soon do wisely, but resolve only to do wisely and you will never do right.—Ruskin

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

How the Raider Escaped

IN the fall of 1864 the northern part of Virginia was in a great deal of excitement, for the raids of the Confederates had greatly annoyed the generals of the Union forces. At last the Federal commander determined to exterminate the rangers and, with that end in view, sent out a picked corps of mounted men, eager to meet and capture an enemy who boasted that he could not be taken. It was early in the morning of a warm September day when the men in blue found their quarry, coming on them suddenly at the foot of a hill.

For a moment there was a brisk rain of bullets. Several of the men on both sides threw up their arms and fell in the dust, while their foaming, riderless steeds dashed madly down the pike. Then the Confederates broke and fled, with the yelling Yankees close at their heels.

At last a stream was reached, and here the Union men succeeded in capturing several Confederates, but not the leader. He was a small, wiry man, with a frame as strong and tough as steel, one who did not know what fear or defeat meant, and he plunged his animal into the water, lifted his sword high above his head and safely climbed up the opposite bank amid a shower of bullets, accompanied by a shout of admiration from the astonished enemy. In a moment he was out of sight behind the hills.

About a quarter of a mile down the road was a farmhouse, in the sitting room of which a girl sat peeling fruit. The door was open, and just as

HE SLIPPED INSIDE THE CLOCK.

the girl raised her eyes a horse raced into the yard, with its flanks reeking with water and the rider wet from the tip of his plumed hat to the soles of his cavalry boots.

The man rode into the barnyard and left his steed in the stall, then ran into the house. At that moment the head of the Federal column came over the hill on the gallop. The Confederate saw the line of blue uniforms, the sun flashing on the sabers, and with a hurried glance around he sprang to his feet and ran to the corner, in which stood an old "grandfather's clock." In a moment he had opened the door and slipped inside, and by the time he had closed it again the Union men were trooping into the house.

They began a thorough search of the house from garret to cellar, but not a trace of the man could they find. The beds were torn to bits, the pantries explored, every closet upset and no nook or corner of the place left uninvestigated, but to no purpose. Then the barn was given a good overhauling, and, though they found the wet and saddled horse, there was no trace of the rider. At last all the Union men collected in the sitting room where the young lady sat quietly watching the proceedings and still busy in her household duty of preparing the fruit. They were perplexed and could not imagine what had become of the fugitive.

Now, it happened that the old clock was not running, but had been broken for some time and was full of dust, which the entrance of the ranger had disturbed. In fact, he was in a great predicament. The dust had filled his nostrils, and he felt creep over him the horrible sensation of a coming sneeze. A sneeze meant capture, perhaps death, but the sneeze had to come.

A bright thought flashed into the Confederate's mind, and with a quick motion of his hand he set the old wheels in a whirl, and the rusty gong sounded a sonorous chime. In the cover of the noise the sneeze was born, but it was not heard. However, the sudden waking of the old clock excited suspicions, and, with a glance of inquiry, the federal officer moved toward it. The girl was quick to take in the situation. With a fretful air she exclaimed:

"There goes that old clock again. It must really be fixed, for it is so annoying." And the officer, changing his mind, took no more notice of the occurrence. In a few moments the house was deserted and the troops had passed away in the direction of their camps, leaving the rebel to come out from his hiding place a sight to behold. The wet clothes were full of dust and his face gray with the water and mud which covered it, but he was a very happy man. In an hour he was back among his remaining troops.—Kansas City Journal.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

VALUE OF SEAWEEDS.

The Use of Irish Moss as a Food and a Medicine.

Irish moss is used as a foundation for many desserts in the dietary kitchens where especial dishes are prepared for invalids. An authority on the question of seaweeds states that scurvy, the dread of sailors, caused by the absence of potash in the salt meat which forms a part of every ship's provisions, would be ameliorated by the liberal use of sea moss jelly, which is rich in potash. Irish moss has always a place in the medicine chest of the old fashioned housewife, who puts her faith in its healing properties for colds, sore throats, etc. On the coast where the moss is gathered and also in the majority of Irish families the moss is boiled, strained, boiled again with lemon juice and sugar, until it is of the consistency of syrup. It is taken hot, a teaspoonful at a time, and is said to be a very good remedy for the maladies referred to. The Indians use the ashes of seaweed for gramular swellings. It is also used by the Chinese, and so highly is it prized by them both as a medicine and a food that it is gathered in some parts of the Pacific coast, principally at Monterey, and sent back to China.

The supply of seaweed of every description seems inexhaustible, as that pulled or reaped from the rocks is replaced by another and a more luxuriant growth the following year. On the Atlantic coast it is harvested only during the months from June to August, but at Monterey it is gathered every day all the year around.—Leslie's Weekly.

By Heart.

Gladys—How is it one never forgets a love affair? Aggie—Because that is something you always learn by heart.—Illustrated Bits.

An Invitation.

Dick—You are such a funny girl. I never did know how to take you. Kitty (coyly)—You never tried.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Soules, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. F. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. J. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bixby, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. J. Abdee, J. T. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon, at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor; Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Meber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 12 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

CHAS. E. PUGH, GEN'L PASS'R AGT. PHILA., PA.

Pennsylvania Railroad

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:40a m week days.

For Lurabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:03 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B. B. & K., and Punxsutawney via B. R. & P.
9:25 a m for Bradford via B. R. & P.
11:25 a m for Bradford via B. B. & K., and Pittsburg via B. R. & P.
3:25 p m for Bradford and Kane via B. B. & K. and Buffalo B. R. & P.
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B. R. & P. and DuBois via B. R. & P.
6:47 p m for Bradford via B. R. & P.

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Bradford and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:45 p m from Bradford.
9:45 a m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

O. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20	2:15	6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:36	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:05	6:55
Leave.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:50	1:33	
Kane	8:30	10:15	1:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:35	5:06
	a. m.		
Arriving at Smethport at	8:05	a. m.	1:05 p m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BUELL, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:25	8:14	Hornellsville	A8:30	5:30	
	6:30	8:20	Arkport	8:25	5:18	
			Burns			
	6:17	8:06	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:34	8:12	Canisteo	9:07	5:30	
	6:39	8:18	Greenwoods	9:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:50	Swales	8:38	5:10	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
	7:31	9:30	Angelica	8:05	4:38	
	8:22	10:2	Friendship	7:37	4:05	
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	L7:05	3:28	
5:40		11:35	Olean		2:32	10:20
6:25			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Limbaugh			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:09			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		L7:20	St. Marys		A4:50	L9:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A10:12	Brockwayville		L1:36	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
8:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A10:35	3:02	6:55
8:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:29	2:56	6:52
8:38	11:12	7:28	Rogersville	10:22	2:40	6:45
9:37	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:30	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	2:23	6:29
			Burns			
4:11	11:41	7:58	Arkport	9:54	2:31	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	Hornellsville	L9:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.

A—leave; A—arrive; L—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.18
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9..
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.35	2.37	9.25
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfld Junc	7.37	2.40	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Finks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.38	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.15	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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IN THE GRAPEVINE ARBOR

By FRANK H. SWEET

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KETURAH ALLEN sat out under the grapevine arbor knitting. It was only 9 o'clock in the morning—an un-Christian hour to knit, as most busy housewives would have said and which Keturah herself acknowledged in the depths of her lonely, disquieted heart. But what could she do? Since the conqueror came she had no recourse against time except knitting and missionary work, and even her charity loving heart could not find the shadow of an excuse for making poor calls this morning.

"OH, MISS KETURAH, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?"

Meadowville was a small place, and since the Ladies' Missionary society and the Children's Missionary band had been organized for two or three years families had found it a concern to keep their poverty decently hidden, even the most liberal of the women having been forced to admit that their calls were becoming more and more shiftless and lazy.

Keturah loved charity work and hated knitting, and it was this same hate that made her cling to it so assiduously. If she had lived in the right age, her sensitive conscience would have provided her with sackcloth and ashes.

It was in the lush of middle June and the odors of honeysuckles and roses were mingled with those of ripening strawberries and pungent garden herbs. Pollen dusted bees and iridescent butterflies flitted about in the sunshine, and among the tendrils of the grapevine above her head was the half concealed nest of a yellow warbler. Nothing was afraid of Keturah. Even now one of the warblers was twittering a contemplative interlude not three feet away from her clicking needles.

But Keturah was in a disturbed frame of mind this morning and was not even conscious of her tiny friend's presence. She could hear the conqueror bustling about in the kitchen—her kitchen now—rattling dishes, opening and shutting oven doors, whistling—yes, actually whistling to the canary bird and now and then indulging in a snatch of high pitched, breezy song. Keturah listened with mingled emotions. The conqueror was a splendid housekeeper—she was glad to admit that, both for her brother and her conscience's sake—but she was so energetic and so strongminded and so capable! She did all her housework and looked after the poultry and flower garden. She was president of the Missionary society and found plenty of time to visit and receive calls. Keturah admired her vastly and even liked her in a rebuffed sort of way, but somehow, even from her vantage ground of inside spectator, she could never quite understand how one woman could accomplish so much. Every morning her conscience made her offer to help with the work, and every morning the conqueror looked at her with a calmly superior air and said that slow help was a bother.

And that is why Keturah's mornings were spent in this grapevine arbor or out making poor calls. She wanted to like the conqueror and tried to with all the strength of her tender, shrinking heart. Was she not her brother's wife and her own sister-in-law, and was she not the best housekeeper and the most capable manager in Meadowville? But even with all these attractions Keturah could not force her sensitive, refined nerves to ignore this new order of bustle and energy and self assertion.

And there was another thing. For three and twenty years Keturah had been the undisputed mistress of the establishment, doing the work in her quiet, prim, ladylike way and never dreaming that the years would bring other change than what rightfully belonged to them. She had been housekeeper for her father until he died and then for her brother, and, although she had once thought—and hoped—that her brother might marry, such a possibility had gradually been lost sight of. He had just passed his fortieth birthday and she her forty-third when the conqueror came.

Keturah was not combative, and she honestly tried to take the new order of things according to the light her conscience dictated, but her resolutions were not as strong as the nature handed down by half a dozen generations of ancestors. At the end of a month she had gone to her brother and asked for her share of the property, so that she might go off and live by herself. At first he had been incredulous, then sarcastic. Their father had expressed a hope that the property would not be divided, he had told her, and, besides, he could not let her have her share without selling the homestead, and he would not do that. And, furthermore, he had advanced the unnecessary argument that she was too old to live by herself. She had winced a little at this thrust. It sounded so like the bristling assertions of the conqueror that she turned away hurt and silenced.

But it was true, she told herself remorselessly. She was getting to be quite an old woman. And she went to the glass to overwhelm her worldliness with a proof of the fact, but somehow the glass did not carry out the sentence of the assertion. Her skin was still soft, and her cheeks had the same delicate flush that had made her a belle in the far off days of her girlhood, and there was not a single gray intruder among all the glossy brown hair that was coiled and massed upon her head.

She was thinking of her future now as she sat under the grapevine arbor listening to the self assertive work of the conqueror in the kitchen and oblivious of the persuasive twittering at her side. Deep down in her heart she was trying to steel herself to something desperate, to go away, to seek employment—anything. If her brother would not give up her share of the property she would surely be able to earn a living somewhere.

A quick step on the gravel walk brought her eyes from the needles and her thoughts from the future.

"Oh, here you are, Miss Keturah. I've looked for you everywhere." And Florence, the conqueror's sister, bustled into the arbor and plumped herself down on the seat beside Keturah. Florence was eighteen, very vivacious, very dumpy and very much in love with herself. Added to this, she was the pride and admiration of the conqueror's heart.

"Oh, Miss Keturah, have you heard the news?" she cried as soon as she could get her breath. "The Rev. Charles Barden, missionary to Japan, is coming to Meadowville and is going to lecture to the people here next week and is coming here to stay. What do you think of that? Going to stay here with us a whole week."

Keturah rose quickly and then sat down and began to ply her needles with desperate energy. She did not even notice that she was knitting back over the same needle.

"What do you mean, child?" she gasped in a voice that she intended to be calm. "How do you know?"

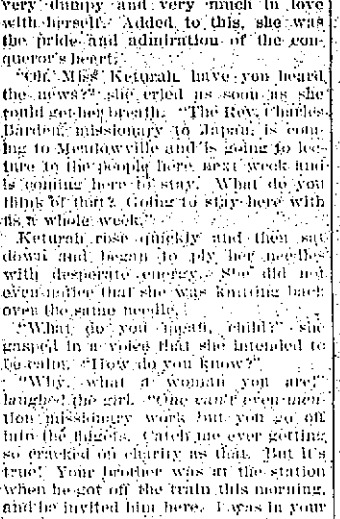
"Why, what a woman you are!" laughed the girl. "One can't even mention missionary work but you go off into the fidgets. Can't one ever get a letter so cracked on charity as that. But it's true. Your brother was at the station when he got off the train this morning, and he invited him here. I was in your brother's store and saw him, and he's just splendid"—enthusiastically—"six feet high and more and carries himself like a regular soldier. Your brother told me to hurry back and let you all know he was coming." She was silent for a few moments, with a self satisfied smile on her pretty face, then burst out with: "I'm going to set my cap for him. I'm just sick and tired of this poky place, and I always did want to go to Japan and China and them foreign countries."

"Child, child!" remonstrated Keturah. "He's more than twice your age."

"Only forty-five," said the girl perversely. "I heard him tell your brother so. That's just the right age in a man. And there's nobody round here can hold a candle to him. I don't believe there are many real handsome women in Japan, and you know, Miss Keturah, a smart girl can do almost anything with a man in a week."

"Maybe he's married, child."

"No, he ain't, for your brother asked him. He keeps house and has a Chinaman to cook and do his work. My sister says I must look sharp, for he's the best catch there ever was in this town. He's awful rich, even if he is a missionary."



"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, CHARLES," SHE SAID.

She was silent again for some minutes, tapping her foot complacently against the rustic work of the arbor. Then she looked at Keturah with sudden interest.

"He said he used to live here when he was a young man. Did you know him, Miss Keturah? You must be old enough to remember most everything."

"He went to school with brother and me," said Keturah quietly. "He used to live in that house across the street. I believe he was considered a very nice young man then"—

"I should think so," scornfully. "At any rate, he's the finest man I ever saw. But there they come now!" And she hurried away as two men turned in the gate and came leisurely up the gravel walk toward the house.

Keturah did not rise. But half an hour later she was conscious, without looking up, that some one had left the house and was coming directly toward the grapevine arbor.

"Miss Keturah." And she rose calmly and gave him her hand.

"I'm glad to see you, Charles," she said cordially. "It's been a long time since you were here."

"Yes, a long time." Then Florence bustled into the arbor and bore him off to look at the flower garden.

The next few days Keturah saw very little of him. Florence had him in charge most of the time—making poor calls, wandering about the fields or on the plaza chatting of the delights of travel and missionary work. But on the fifth day Florence was obliged to go to her dressmaker to try on an elaborate costume she was having made for the missionary meeting. While she was gone the Rev. Charles Barden found his way across the lawn to the grapevine arbor, where Keturah sat knitting. She greeted him quietly and made room for him on the seat beside her.

"I haven't seen so much of you as I hoped," he began as he sat down.

"There's been considerable going on," she said.

"Yes. I have been trying to get a chance to speak with you alone, but this is my first opportunity. Do you remember our last conversation—before I left?"

She did not answer, but her needles began to click more rapidly.

"It was in this very arbor, you remember, twenty-five years ago, I asked you to go away with me, and you said that your father was growing old and needed you and that it would not be right to leave him. Keturah, will you go back with me now? Your father is dead, and your brother is provided for. No one needs you here."

The knitting work fell to the ground unheeded, and a warm, rich color stole into her face.

"But I am getting to be an old woman now, and you are in the prime of life."

"Ah, indeed!" quizzingly. "I am forty-five, and you are forty-three. Just the same difference between us as there was twenty-five years ago. Will you go back with me?"

But still her conscience made her demur.

"Would not a younger woman do you more good, Charles?"

"I want you, Keturah," the grave voice growing more earnest and tender, "I wanted you twenty-five years ago. I want you now. I shall want you always. Will you go back with me?"

"Yes."

At the supper table that evening the Rev. Charles Barden looked across at his host.

"I believe that I haven't yet told you, John, that Keturah is going back with me," he said composedly.

"No? You don't mean it?" And John Allen looked from one to the other in incredulous amazement. "But, really, Charles, I congratulate you. She is a fine woman, if I do say it."

"KETURAH IS GOING BACK WITH ME."

The Logan Stone of Land's End.

The most celebrated rocking stone in England is that known as the Logan, Logan or Logging stone. It is situated on the summit of a bold promontory of granite about eleven miles from Land's End, in Mount's bay, Cornwall. It is estimated to weigh about ninety tons. Yet it is so nicely balanced that a child can move it with one hand. The pivot upon which the stone rests is a small, hard protrusion on all sides of which the whole surrounding surface has worn away, leaving the enormous bowlder standing upon a narrow neck so exactly and evenly poised that a touch sets the whole mass to rocking. In the legendary lore of Penzance there is a prophecy to the effect that the Logan stone will stand until the day of the end of the world, when it will fall of its own accord just before and as a token of the ending of all earthly things. Several years ago a young English lieutenant, who did not believe in prophecies, hired a force of men, who repaired to the spot and with ropes, crowbars and levers threw the great stone from its pinnacle. When the authorities heard of the destruction of the old landmark they forced the young officer at great expense to replace the stone just as he had found it. Some claim that the poise is not so equal now as it was before the incident just related.

GRANT DIDN'T WASH CLOTHES

But Two Soldiers Who Thought They Were Funny Did.

During the civil war several northern soldiers were talking together one day just before the advance upon Corinth. A tall, ungainly raw recruit stepped up to them with a bundle of soiled clothes in his hand. "Do you know where I can get this washing done?" he asked.

Two of the group were practical jokers. A bright thought flashed into their heads and, as the sequel shows, unfortunately found expression. "Oh, yes, we know! Just go up there with your bundle," pointing to the headquarters of General Grant. "You will see a short, stout man"—describing the general—"who does washing. Take your bundle to him."

The recruit thanked them and walked off in the direction indicated. He gained entrance to headquarters and stood in the general's presence.

"What can I do for you?" said General Grant.

"I was directed here by a couple of soldiers. They told me that you did washing and I have a bundle here."

General Grant probably enjoyed the situation, but his imperturbable face did not relax. He simply asked the question, "Could you identify those men again?

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you shall have the chance." Turning to an orderly, he directed him to call a guard, go with the recruit to where the jokers were standing ready to enjoy his discomfiture and let him identify them. "Take the men to the guardhouse, give them this man's bundle of clothing and make them wash it thoroughly. See that the work is well done."

The general was obeyed to the letter.—Popular Magazine.

IN LIBBY PRISON.

A New Story of Bishop McCabe, Once a Captive Chaplain.

An interesting incident of life in Libby prison was recalled by Colonel C. E. Bradshaw addressing a meeting of representatives of the patriotic organizations of Washington. The name of Bishop McCabe was mentioned.

"I recall one of the darkest, stormiest, rainiest nights at old Libby," said Colonel Bradshaw. "The Union prisoners were huddled together on one of the lower floors, and the rain was coming in on them in a perfect deluge. Among the captives in blue was Bishop McCabe, then a chaplain. In his excess of good nature he saw the humorous side of even such a situation as I have described. While our boys, hungry and cold, were trying to keep warm and dry a voice was raised above the howling of the tempest outside and could be heard in all parts of the prison:

"'Hang on to your pocketbooks!'

"The voice was that of Chaplain McCabe, who knew full well that there was not a single dollar in all that great crowd of shivering Yankee soldiers. The sally caused a outburst of laughter, notwithstanding the uncomfortableness of the situation."—Washington Star.

The Admiral Relented.

While Admiral Porter was in command of the Mississippi squadron and at a time when they were most actively engaged," said Captain Lloyd G. Harris of St. Louis, "a young ensign made his appearance on the flagship and astounded the admiral by asking him for a leave of absence. 'Why, sir,' roared Porter, 'don't you understand that no officer can leave at this time, no matter who he is or what his excuse?'

"'But, admiral, it is a case of life and death. I must go.'

"'But you can't go. It is impossible.'

"'Please hear me, Admiral Porter. When I entered the service I was engaged to as pretty a girl as there is in northern Illinois. I have just got word that one of those miserable home guards has been courting her, and my friend says it looks as though if I don't come back pretty soon I will lose her. Now, admiral, I think, under the circumstances, you might let me go for a week at least.'

"Porter's heart melted. The ensign got leave, went home and married the girl in triumph."—Chicago Times-Herald.

General Banks Was in Doubt.

General N. P. Banks was on his way to attend a smoke talk of Waltham G. A. R. one evening when he remembered he needed a shave. It happened that the barber shops in Waltham were closed on that particular evening with the exception of one kept by George Washington Saunders, the colored mascot of the Waltham "vets."

The general seated himself in the chair, and George proceeded to shave him. After a few strokes which nearly lifted General Banks out of the chair George asked him how he liked the shave.

"Well," said the general, "it depends altogether on what it's supposed to be. If it's a shave it's all fired rough, but if you're trying to skin me it's not so bad."

An Illustrated Sailor.

The bureau of pensions at Washington was recently engaged in the investigation of a claim in which the identity of a dead sailor was an important factor. From the testimony it appears that he had a cross and a picture of the Washington monument tattooed on one arm, pictures of three women above the elbow, an American coat of arms below the elbow, the picture of a woman above the wrist on one arm, another on the back of his head, a picture of a woman on his back extending nearly to his neck, a picture of a man and a woman and a ship on his breast and various other artistic designs over his stomach, feet and other portions of his body.

At Gettysburg Today

THE fields of Gettysburg are green
Where once the red blood ran;
The oak leaves throw a dancing sheen
Where perished horse and man;
The saplings whisper on the hill
Where rolled a fiery tide,
And song birds splash the laughing rill
Where armies fought and died.

A marble sentry scans the field
And granite cannons frown
Where dusty regiments once wheeled
And shot and shell rained down.
But o'er the sentry's martial face
Now sits the cooing dove,
Breaking the silence of the place
With murmuring notes of love.

A MARBLE SENTRY SCANS THE FIELD.

The only colors in the grass
Are those of buds and flowers;
The swift and sudden fusillades
Are made by passing showers.
Huge hay carts now are chariot cars;
And soldiers, boys at play;
The only campfires are the stars;
The fiery glory, day.

Thank God that all things in this life
Together move for right;
That Night and her half sister, Strife,
Shall die in joy and light;
That through a mystery above
His mercies ne'er shall cease;
That out of hate shall issue love,
And out of war come peace.

—Margherita Arlina Hamm in New York Mail and Express.

Detailed For Baptism.

During the civil war the late Colonel Gabe Bouck organized a regiment, which he controlled as a dictator. It was while the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called. "What do you want?"

"I am a humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the ——th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Colonel Bouck after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism! No Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety!"—Everybody's.

General Longstreet's Story.

"I had resigned from the northern army," said the late General Longstreet at "a Georgia campfire, "and was on my way to fight with my state countrymen. One night I reached a small hamlet, and, being almost too tired to care whether friends or foes were there, I stopped and asked for supper and a night's lodging. A nice old colored aunty opened the door and let me in. 'If you'se a southerner,' she said, 'you can have your eggs fried tender. If you'se a northerner dey'll be tougher than leather.'

"I had to laugh while I assured her I was a southerner. In the morning I asked for my bill. 'It ain't nothin',' said she, 'if ye're goin' on ter Richmond, but of ye're goin' hum ter think it over it'll cost yer $10.'"—Philadelphia Press.

A Popular Myth Exploded.

"There is a popular myth," says Colonel Mosby, "that Pope announced in his general order upon taking command that his headquarters would be in the saddle. The fact is that Pope never said any such thing, but it has become an article of faith in the south. To question its truth in Virginia would be regarded as being as great an act of impiety as to discredit the legend of Pocahontas and Captain Smith."

The Bible on the Battlefield.

Among the dead of one of the battlefields before Richmond was a young Confederate soldier who lay unburied several days after the conflict. Already the flesh had been eaten by worms from his fingers, but underneath one skeleton hand lay an open Bible, the fingers pressed upon these words of the Twenty-third Psalm: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

DRUM OF BUNKER HILL.

Veteran of Three Wars, It Still Beats For Bay State G. A. R.

This is a plain, unvarnished tale of a drum. It is a common, ordinary drum in appearance, but it has seen more history than any man living. It has helped to make America. Here is its story:

Away back in the years when there were some rebellious English colonies in America the maker of musical instruments to his majesty King George fashioned a kettledrum. It chanced to find its way to a regiment of redcoats which crossed the Atlantic to subdue a revolution of his majesty's disloyal subjects.

There was a battle one day at a place called Bunker Hill. For some cause or other the redcoats were defeated. The British regulars fired and fled," as the poet says, and to quicken their flight they threw away such impedimenta as knapsacks and muskets.

The drummer of a retreating regiment dropped his instrument in his haste, and it was picked up by American soldiers. Straws were drawn for the drum, and it fell to the lot of Levi Smith, who beat it through many fights and marches until the United States of America had thrown off their yoke.

Peace reigned for years until the British sought trouble again in 1812. Volunteers were called out, and Israel Smith, the sturdy son of Levi Smith enlisted as drummer in a Massachusetts command and hurried to the defense of the national capital, beating his father's drum.

A new generation of men rolled around before the drum entered service again. This time it was the war of the rebellion that called for fighting men, and among those who responded was Israel Smith 2d, grandson of the drummer of Bunker Hill.

In the Thirty-third Massachusetts regiment band Israel Smith drummed through four years of fighting in the Twentieth corps, under General Hooker, marching with Sherman to the sea. A bullet pierced the woodwork of the drum, but left Israel Smith unharmed. Constant beating in three wars had worn the drumhead through, but clever craftsmen patched the instrument up as good as new, and, with the exception of these slight renovations, the drum is the same drum that left the instrument maker's shop in London a century and a half ago.

Israel Smith presented the drum to G. A. R. post 190 of New Bedford, Mass., and in every Memorial day parade in which post 190 marches it is carried proudly at its head. When the post shall have become extinct the drum will return to the heirs of Israel Smith, who will present it to the National museum at Washington.—Philadelphia Press.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

His Mother Knew Why He Was There In the Fight at Manila.

Soon after the close of the Spanish war Admiral Schley visited Bangor, Me. General Joseph Smith tendered him a reception, to which many of the townspeople were invited. The people gathered from far and near, and the streets were filled with those who wished to get a glimpse of the admiral.

Mrs. Pearsons lives directly opposite General Smith's house, and the piazza and the steps of her house were crowded when up the steps came Mrs. Casey, a comely Irish woman, clutching something tightly in her hand. Coming up to Mrs. D., who was seated on the piazza, she held out her hand, and in the palm lay a bronze medal, which was given to her son for services rendered at Manila.

"If ye please, will ye read what it says?" she asked, and Mrs. D. read:

"To the Man Behind the Gun."

"That's him," exclaimed Mrs. Casey; "that's him; that's my son. He got there for safety, and could ye blame him, now?"—Boston Globe.

The Burial of the Guns.

"At the close of the seven days' battle, our battery being obliged to fall back," relates a veteran of the Wilderness, "the men discovered to their dismay that two of the gun carriages were so disabled as to necessitate leaving the cannon behind. These were hastily buried and a rough cross of wood placed over each, with suitable if not felicitous inscriptions, including age, date of demise—nothing being left undone which would give verisimilitude to the proceedings and serve to prevent the Confederates from digging them up. This was regarded as a joke on the enemy similar to the one often perpetrated, when we mounted logs on impromptu ramparts to convey an impression of more cannon than we had."—Chicago Tribune.

General Williams' Silent Men.

Among the wounded after a fight on James island, South Carolina, was a young fellow suffering intensely and making an unusual amount of noise. General Williams, in command, when passing through the hospital quarters approached the soldier and, in a gruff voice, asked, "What's the matter with you?"

The soldier, pointing to his foot, replied, "I'm wounded."

The general said: "Stop your noise! Stop your noise! There are men lying around with their heads knocked off and not saying a word."

An Echo of the War.

A singular accident occurred lately near Franklin, Tenn. A poplar tree was cut down on the McGavock farm, and a tenant on the place put a stick of the wood on the fire in his household, when a tremendous explosion took place, painfully injuring a little negro. It was found to be a shell which had been fired by the Federals at the battle of Franklin forty-one years ago and which had lodged in the tree without exploding.—Jackson (Tenn.) Sun.

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SEA GULLS' EGGS.

They Are Good to Eat and Taste Like Plovers' Eggs.

"I'd like to have a mess of gulls' eggs now," said the epicure. "They beat a hen's egg all to pieces, and nine people out of ten eat gull eggs for plover eggs and don't know the difference.

"In England from March to May there are hundreds of men who make a living by gathering gulls' eggs and foisting them on the public for plovers' eggs. The fens and salt marshes of the English coast are as valuable on account of the gulls' nests as vineyards or orchards. These fens rent at a high rate, and keepers protect the eggs from thieves the same as keepers on noblemen's estates keep out poachers.

"Early in March the gulls pair. They lay their eggs in the salt marshes in a hollow or a tuft of grass. The nests in the best marshes touch. You can't take a step without crushing eggs under foot. These eggs, olive colored, plashed with green and gray, sell at wholesale for 7 cents apiece. They are called 'plovers' eggs.'

"Each nest has, as a rule, three eggs. When the first set is taken from her the female bird lays another set, and if this one is taken too she lays a third set, which is always left to her to hatch, or otherwise she and her kind would never return to the marsh again.

"Many of the owners of these marshes make $2,500 apiece in the spring by selling for plovers' eggs their gulls' egg harvest."—New York Press.

THE SALESWOMAN.

Work and Pay of the Girl Behind the Counter.

Promotion is very slow in a department store. A girl may enter a store at $6 a week and, after five or six or seven years, receive an advance of $1 a week if she puts up a pretty stiff fight and is a valuable saleswoman.

Her work is not the dull grind it might be supposed. The hours are long, it is true, but the continual procession of humanity which flies before her lends interest and a certain kind of excitement to every hour. Human nature is wonderfully facile in its disclosures, and the shopgirl who has two ideas in her head and keeps her wits about her very soon learns the difference between the real lady and the spurious article. She learns to know at a glance whether her customer is likely to order a box of hairpins or a spool of thread sent home miles away by the delivery wagon, or it may be high priced goods ordered to be sent C. O. D. to a locality which does not contain a residence street. These a girl quietly replaces on a shelf one day and to my inquiring look replied: "She never expected to pay for those things, but she felt ashamed to have taken up so much of my time without buying anything. Oh, yes, it often happens, but we soon know how to size 'em up!"—Mary Rankin Cranston in The World Today.

Lapis Lazuli.

Lapis lazuli, a peculiar stone, varying in shades from sky blue to dark blue, comes from various parts of Asia and has usually specks of yellow or white iron pyrites, which some believe to be gold or silver. The fine blue color for painting called ultramarine is made from lapis lazuli by grinding it into powder and purifying it from pyrites and other substances which are mixed with it in its natural state. As painters know well this color is now difficult to obtain genuine since a mode of making it artificially has been discovered by chemists. The difference in price is great. The artificial cannot be distinguished from the real by even the most careful chemical tests, the only means of detecting the former being by the microscope, which shows the absence of the sparkling particles of the broken stone from which the real ultramarine is never free.

Birds as Workers.

Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins when nesting will feed their young on an average once in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in a hour, or, perhaps, 1,000 a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching an insect. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes, and the prey it carried home consisted of insects much larger, heavier and harder to find than were caught by the swallows.—London Mail.

Officially Confirmed.

The Washington correspondent hastily called up the cabinet officer by telephone.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, Mr. Blank," he said, "but will you please tell me whether or not the rumor that is in circulation as to your retirement is true?"

"Yes, sir," answered the cabinet officer. "It is. I was just about to retire when you called me. Good night."—Chicago Tribune.

A Shortened Courtship.

"Sir, I understand there is a sort of a courtship on between you and my daughter?".

"Yes, sir; I"—

"Well, I don't approve of it; cut it short!"

And that night the young man eloped with the object of his affections.—Houston Post.

How the Coolness Began.

Little Girl—Here's another closet. Hain't we got lots of 'em in our house?

Neighbor's Little Girl—Yes. My mamma says there's a skeleton in one of 'em. Let me see it, will you?

$74.50 to California and Return

Via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale from Buffalo to San Francisco and Los Angeles at this very low rate April 24th to May 4th. Good return limit and stop-over privileges. Before arranging for your trip, write R. E. Payne, General agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. O. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Dandies of Papua.

Even the natives of Papua have their fine gentlemen, their dandies. To rank in this class the young man is compelled to lace his waist and to have a nose ornament of polished shell. But, as an explorer says, "very few young blades can afford to possess one, and accordingly it may be lent either for a consideration or as a very special favor. The possessor of one of these ornaments could easily buy a wife for it, and sometimes it is paid as a tribal tribute by one should he have to pay blood money or be unable to give the statutory pig as atonement for a murder." Papuan husbands, too, have a primitive way of dealing with their recalcitrant wives. A man named Gedon had a shrewish helpmate whom he attempted to tame according to this method: "He would pick up a billet of wood when she was halfway through a tremendous scolding and give her a terrific blow over the back. Thereupon ensued pandemonium. The other men and women would gather round, jabbering, but they would make no attempt to stop the beating once it had begun."

Ghost or Illusion?

A minister of the gospel, according to this tale, was walking to and fro in a long passage that ran through the house and meditating upon his next sermon. There brushed by him a housemaid. He watched her pass and enter his study. Fearing that she would disarrange his papers, he hurried after her, went into his study—and no one was there. No means of egress was possible but by the one door through which he had seen the girl enter. He rang the bell and—the housemaid came down from the top of the house, where she had been performing her duties. And the unusual part of the story is that nothing happened—no one sickened and died. The young woman married happily. And yet that minister of the gospel is sure that he saw that housemaid pass him. Nor to this day does his stout and happy matron know that she was ever in two places at once.

Round Trip Homeseekers' Rates Via Nickel Plate Road.

The lowest round trip Homeseekers' rates of the year to the West, Northwest and Southwest, are offered by the Nickel Plate Road the first and third Tuesday of each month. Before making arrangements for tickets write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 4 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the ad man can see it.

N. Y. BANKING HOUSE offering prominent **TEAM RAILROAD BONDS** will engage the services of salesmen who can control investment business within their neighborhood. Address Lock Box 2057, New York City

Crocker's Rheumatic Cure Is It?

Mr. Thomas Secrist says, under date of Jan. 31, 1906, that he had Muscular Rheumatism for six years, part of the time suffered so he could not sleep at night. Says he has taken two 50 cent bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure, and can sleep and has not felt the pain in his arms since. He recommends anyone suffering with Rheumatism to try a fifty-cent bottle.

MR. THOMAS SECRIST,
West Wheeling,
Ohio.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

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Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

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NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1906.

First and partial account of Mary E. Connolly, administratrix of the estate of Andrew J. Connolly, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Emile Stenger, executor of the last Will and Testament of Leonie Stener, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, administrator of the estate of Z. T. Carl, deceased.

Second and final account of Sheridan Gorton, executor of the last Will and Testament of W. F. Ormsby, deceased.

First and final account of Thomas E. Moulton, administrator of the estate of George W. Lawrence, deceased.

Final account of Nils Nilson, guardian of Emil Olson, late minor child of Eric G. Olson, deceased.

First and final account of James P. Ryan, administrator of the estate of Charles Moore, deceased.

First and final account of W. M. Baker, administrator of the estate of Edward Price, deceased.

First and final account of E. A. Barden, administrator of the estate of Lorenzo D. Hill, deceased.

First and final account of C. T. Evans, administrator of the estate of Anna Barrackman, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1906.

SPECIAL CUT PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that make the individual feel at home here.

We want your to see special values that others offer as well as ours.

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It costs you nothing to see them at the following stores:

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Lucas Paint

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looks better and wears longer than other paint because we use pure materials, finely ground and well mixed; because we have modern facilities, and our sixty years knowledge and experience in making paint has put us in the position of experts. The paint *must* be right.

Ask your dealer.

John Lucas & Co
Sixty years of paint-making
Philadelphia
New York Chicago

"Adam had the earth at one time; let his experience be a general warning."

He wouldn't have wanted the "apple" if he had had some of our

Good Fresh Cereals

for breakfast. That was his misfortune. To avoid his experience go to

J. COLEGROVE'S,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

for

Puffed Rice, Mapl-Flake, Shredded Wheat, Egg-O-See, Grape Nuts, Cream-of Wheat, Force, Apitezo, Pettijohn, Mother's, Quaker and Banner Oats.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1906.

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or lot of land situate in the Third Ward of city of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Being lot No. 37x fronting 31 feet on State street, between Pearl street and Center street, on the State street paving assessment map made by A. F. Bannon, Jr., City Engineer, said map being on file in the Recorder's office of McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 115 at page No. 556.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. W. Newell at the suit of the City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, Solicitor.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east line of North Mechanic street sixty-six (66) feet north from the north west corner of Frank Carlson lot; thence east by line parallel with north line of Carlson lot sixty-five (65) feet; thence north by line parallel with east line of Mechanic street twenty (20) feet to a point; thence west by line parallel with first line sixty-five (65) feet to place of beginning. Containing thirteen hundred (1300) square feet, being parts of Village lots 371 and 372, Warrant 3806.

Improved, having thereon two story frame building.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the 4th ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the east line of Pine street two hundred and sixty-one (261) feet south along said east line of Pine street from the southeast line of N. Y., L. E. & W. R. R. Company land; thence east seventy-nine (79) feet; thence south fifty (50) feet; thence west seventy-nine (79) feet; thence north fifty (50) feet to place of beginning, comprising two lots each with a front of twenty-five (25) feet on Pine street, as designated on plan of lots of C. D. Webster.

Unimproved.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the 4th ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Pine street and the south line of lands of Railroad ground; thence south one hundred and fifty-five (155) feet; thence west one hundred (100) feet; thence north seven and one-half (7½) feet to a post; thence west one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence north twenty (20) feet; thence north sixty (60) degrees east two hundred and thirty-seven (237) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved, having thereon two story frame dwelling, office building and frame buildings formerly used as bottling works.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the west line of Pine street, said point being one hundred and sixty-nine (169) feet south of the south line of Corydon Street; thence southerly along the east line of Pine avenue thirty (30) feet; thence east at right angles with Pine avenue eighty (80) feet; thence northerly parallel with said avenue thirty (30) feet; thence west eighty (80) feet to the place of beginning, being lot No. 8 of D. L. Lane lands, as surveyed by J. A. Seymour, surveyor, recorded in Deed Book 91, page 353, etc.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. S. Woodbury at the suit of Brown & Schoonmaker and others.

James P. Ryan, Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situate in the (town) now City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a post on the north side of the West Branch of the Buffalo, Bradford & Pittsburgh Railroad; thence north along Pearl street sixteen (16) rods more or less to a post; thence east twelve (12) rods more or less to a post; thence south to said railroad; thence southwesterly along said railroad to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred and thirty-two (132) rods more or less. Being the same lot deeded to Lyman H. Walker by deed dated April 20th 1878 and recorded in Recorder's Office in Deed Book No. 17 page 270, &c. on Nov. 19th 1882 from Asa Scott and from Augustus W. Newell to Asa Scott by deed dated February 23rd 1877 recorded in Recorder's Office of McKean county in Deed Book V at page 410, &c.

Improved and having thereon two one story frame dwelling houses and one one and one-half story frame boiling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. P. Ryan, administrator of the estate of Lyman H. Walker, deceased, William Walker, Charles Walker and Cady Walker, at the suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Kane, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south side of Bayard street (three feet from the center thereof), the same being thirty-two feet (32 ft.) west of the southwest corner of Bayard and Hacker streets; thence south 19 degrees 50 minutes east one hundred and twenty feet (120 ft.) to a post; thence south 70 degrees, 10 minutes west fifty feet (50 ft.) to a post; thence north 19 degrees, 50 minutes west one hundred and twenty feet (120 ft.) to a post; thence north 70 degrees, 10 minutes east fifty feet (50 ft.) to the place of beginning.

Also all that piece of land situate in the township of Norwich, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot surveyed for R. B. Davis being a post corner; thence east twenty and tenth perches to a beech; thence north seventy-five perches to a post, corner in the center of the old road; thence west one hundred and six and six-tenths perches to a post corner on the hill; thence east eighty-six and three-tenths to the place of beginning. Containing fifty acres strict measure be the same more or less. Being lot Number, 44 of the allotment of land in Norwich township and part of Warrant No. 1199. Excepting and reserving therefrom the perpetual right of way for a railroad, tram road, wagon road or sleigh road over and across said land, said right of way to be 25 feet in width and extend from the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad right of way to and through said lands said right of way being already located upon the abandoned right of way formerly occupied by F. H. Goodyear for a tram road with right of ingress, egress and regress.

Improved and having thereon one board house, one frame barn, orchard about 90 trees, about 30 acres cleared.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Fred. W. Brownell, Administrator of the estate of Forrest W. Garrett and of Eliza E. Garrett, deceased, et al., at the suit of William S. Walker, executor of the estate of Geo. A. Walker, deceased.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing twenty rods east of the north east corner of lot No. 7, contracted to Geo. Wilcox and afterwards deeded to H. D. Ault; thence south 87 degrees east, four rods to a post; thence south 1¾ degrees west one hundred and nine-tenths (100.9) rods; thence south 89½ degrees west ten and four-tenths (10.4) rods; thence south 1¾ degrees west twenty-eight and eight-tenths (28.8) rods to the southwest corner of said lot No 7; thence north 6 degrees east, sixty-three and six-tenths (63.6) rods; thence south 88 degrees east, twenty rods (20); thence north 6 degrees east, sixty-four (64) rods to the place of beginning, containing nine and seventy-six one-hundredths (9.76) acres more or less and being designated as lot No 8 by the survey made by Robert King, and part of lot No. 368 of the allotment of Keating lands, in Ceres township, and part of warrants 3211 and 2230, being as hereinbefore mentioned lot No. 8 less eight acres reserved from said lot No. 8 by the above description.

Also all that other piece or parcel of land, situate in Ceres township aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of land conveyed to W. M. and J. S. Skiver; thence south 6¾ degrees west, ninety-three and eight-tenths rods to a post; thence west nine and eight-tenths rods to a post; thence south 1¾ degrees west, fourteen and six-tenths rods to a post; thence north 6¾ degrees east one hundred and nine-tenths (100.9) rods to a post; thence south 87 degrees east twenty-six rods to the place of beginning containing fourteen and 83-100 acres more or less according to a survey made by Robert King and being lot designated on said King's map and survey of lot No. 368 into subdivision as lot No. 9 being part of warrant No. 2230, the serving from the northwest corner of said described lot one-half acre which was heretofore conveyed to Ceres twp as a school house lot, and all of the hereinbefore described premises being portions of the same land conveyed to Clara M. Simmons by Francis M. Simmons by deed dated the 16th 1880, and recorded in the Recorder's Office for McKean county, in Deed Book 53, page 502, &c., on Dec 16th, 1880.

Partly improved and having thereon a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lewis E. Simmons at the suit of Mary Keys Cotten and Eva K. Dennis.

J. R. Haughney, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., May 16, 1906.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 82, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, William R. Case did, on the 5th day of October 1905, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Caroline C. Case.

We therefore command you, the said Caroline C. Case, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of William R. Case and show cause, if any you have, why the said William R. Case, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 8, 1906.
R. B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 110, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Margaret Lockyer did, on the 30th day of October 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Lockyer.

We therefore command you, the said Charles Lockyer that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person, before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Margaret Lockyer and show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret Lockyer, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Lockyer, according to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 8, 1906.
R. B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 78, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Bertha I. L. Kelly did, on the 17th day of October, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John R. Kelly.

We therefore command you, the said John R. Kelly, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha I. L. Kelly and show cause if any you have, why the said Bertha I. L. Kelly, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 8, 1906.
E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 88, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Emma Vogel did, on the 11th day of October, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Robert Vogel.

We therefore command you, the said Robert Vogel that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Emma Vogel and show cause, if any you have, why the said Emma Vogel your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 8, 1906.
A. P. Huey, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice.

And now, to-wit, April 7, 1906, it is ordered that a special term of the Courts of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Over and Terminer and general Jail Delivery, be holden in and for the County of McKean on the second Monday of June, A. D 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m. (that being the 11th day of June, A. D. 1906), and continue one week, and that a venire issue to the Sheriff and Jury Commissioners of said County commanding the said Sheriff and Jury Commissioners to impanel and the said Sheriff to summon fifty-six persons to serve as petit jurors in said Courts.

JOS. W. BOUTON, President Judge.

Attest:
WM. H. MORRISON, Clerk.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Peter Fay, Sr., deceased. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to Gorton & Richmond, Attys., Smethport, Pa.

CARL R. BARD,
Executor.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Smethport, Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 187 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, M. D., C. M., M. R. C. P.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Leamler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Bebringhoff,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.

F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

T. H. PURTLE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

New Spring Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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Repairing a Specialty.